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The American Mercury



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By Harry Elmer Barnes

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Labor in the World of Tomorrow
Senator Reynolds Saves America
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Communist Agent
Wisconsin's Problem Governor
The Farmer and the New Deal
The World's Smallest Animal
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All in the Name of Anthropology
"The Publick Universal Friend"
You Can't Sing That!
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JAPAN TAKES OVER THE PHILIPPINES

By BRYCE OLIVER



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XLVIII

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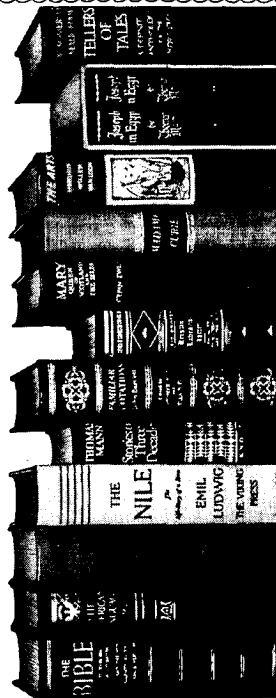
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JAPAN TAKES OVER THE PHILIPPINES

BY BRYCE OLIVER

A GROUP of leading Philippine citizens is at present working to convince the United States Government that certain high officials in the native Philippine administration are following the tactics of the Sudeten Party in Czechoslovakia—in the interests of Japan. There is unmistakable uneasiness in Washington over the demand voiced in some Philippine quarters that independence for the Islands be deferred indefinitely and that a “dominion” status be granted instead. The likelihood that Nippon will grab what Uncle Sam renounces is the most telling argument behind that demand. Whatever our government may do, the fact remains that Japanese infiltration in the Islands has been successful to a degree not con-

sidered possible by the framers of the Tydings-McDuffie independence act.

In all but name, the Philippines already are in large measure under the sway of Japan. It is an open secret in Washington and Manila that many members of the National Assembly vote with a benevolent eye on Tokyo. Leading Philippine industries have already been captured—the important fishing industry is owned virtually outright by Japan, in violation of laws which the Philippine administration fears or dislikes to enforce. Japan controls 67 per cent of the Islands’ hemp. Big Japanese concerns, rapidly supplanting the 80,000 Chinese merchants of the Islands, now control 35 per cent of the Philippine retail trade and

dominate distribution channels, enabling Nippon to apply the squeeze to American and domestic products. The Filipinos sell about \$100,000,000 worth of merchandise to the United States annually, and buy from the United States about \$50,000,000 worth of materials, which leaves a trade balance of about \$50,000,000. Of this Japan controls a large proportion.

Further, the Japanese are on their way to control the Islands' immensely valuable lumber. Americans, through minority control, still rule the mining industry, but Japanese credit-extension companies are making equally rapid inroads in these. Lately the Japs have been making outright offers for Philippine gold mines.

Philippine law prohibits the Japanese from acquiring certain properties or owning certain industries in the Islands, a restriction which has promoted the ingenious "dummy ownership" system. Foreigners are prevented by law from operating fishing boats of more than three tons, yet the Japanese operate all Philippine commercial fishing boats, all of them more than three tons. How do they do it? By the dummy system. The Japanese get Filipinos to register as owners, for which service the Filipino draws \$10 a month on each boat. Land,

also denied to the Japs by law, is similarly being taken over by means of these dummies — in this case 10 per cent of the income from the land is the inducement. Or it is taken over by "wife dummies." These are Filipino women who marry Japanese men. As Filipinos, they are entitled to own property. Later, when the property is improved, the husband gets rid of his native bride, or supplants her with a Japanese woman — the Philippine law has no restrictions against purely intra-family land exchanges. These dummy transactions, it is said, are arranged by a ring of prominent Philippine lawyers, many of them members or ex-members of the National Assembly who have been brought under Japanese influence by the *regalo* — gift-giving — system, or by retainers to act as counsel for big Japanese credit-extending companies.

The build-up for an Oriental Sudeten movement has already gone beyond the danger point. A Japanese "Fifth Column" is already at work. The so-called "Malacanang Palace crowd" of Manila is considered to be undermined with subsidies and Japanese economic and social pressure. A practically independent Japanese state has been set up in the province of Davao, at the head of strategic

Davao Bay in rich and fertile Mindanao, the second largest island of the archipelago.

Evidence that liberation of the Philippines in 1946 would quickly be followed by authoritarian dictatorship under Japanese direction and domination is piling up to such an extent that two opposing blocs of Congress are expected to force a new course of action. Both sides agree that the Tydings-McDuffie independence act must be revised, but there agreement ends. One group believes we must withdraw completely from the Philippines before 1946 in order to avoid the risk of a showdown with Japan; the other thinks we must postpone independence indefinitely and frustrate Japan at all costs.

In this connection, a Congressional investigation, sponsored by Rep. Alexander of Minnesota, looms with the second session of the present Congress. Leading Filipinos are expected to start a drive to block liberation, feeling that independence, under the provisions of the Tydings-McDuffie Act, would be followed by the "Manchu-quozing" of the Philippines and that Japan may move to dominate the Islands much earlier if she is able soon to consolidate her invasion of China.

Recent reports say that the ac-

tions of President Manuel Quezon himself have been watched closely by the Administration, and the former United States High Commissioner, Paul V. McNutt, now Social Security Administrator at Washington, is working for a Congressional inquiry into Japanese activities in the Philippines. Such an inquiry would bring about some startling disclosures, among them what has been referred to as "The Strange Case of Mrs. Fabella."

Mrs. Fabella, the wife of one of Quezon's intimates, was named in an official memorandum as the dummy owner of Japanese fishing vessels. She sued for libel, but withdrew her suit after the court ordered her to produce her books. The Fabella case drew the alarmed attention of the State Department to President Quezon and his group of advisers. The picture presented is of a gradual drift of the ruling class in the Philippines toward Japanese financial and economic methods. How close the Fabellas are to the Malacanang Palace is suggested by the fact that after the withdrawal of the libel suit, a daughter of President Quezon acted as the principal attendant at the marriage of one of the Fabella daughters.

The details of the Fabella case were transmitted to the State Department and to the Insular Affairs

Committee of the House of Representatives, with the result that a quiet investigation disclosed the aforementioned fact that practically 100 per cent of the supposedly Philippine fishing fleet is owned in Japan. The amount of profit now being diverted to Japan through the lumber and other industries is still being probed.

II

The speeding up of Japanese infiltration in the Philippines began approximately at the start of the recent civil war in Spain, as a result of Spanish investments in the Philippines. The owners, being pro-Franco and pro-Axis, began soon after the start of the civil war to court Japanese support through the Rome-Berlin Axis. These tycoons dominate sugar, cordage (manila rope), inter-island shipping, insurance underwriting, lumber, and much of the mining and retail trade. It is through this ownership that the Japanese are infiltrating.

From the leading Spanish families of the archipelago, Quezon draws his political strength and social position. He is especially friendly with Andres Soriano, leading Spanish banker, and with the immensely wealthy Elizalde family, one of whose members, Joaquin

("Mike") Elizalde, was appointed by Quezon as the Philippine Resident Commissioner at Washington over the protest of certain native Filipinos who pointed out that Señor Mike apparently took out Philippine citizenship papers only in time to make himself available for the appointment.

Quezon himself is of Spanish Castilian descent, and in 1937, after the Hitler Government threw its support to Franco, he is said to have begun negotiating for a German trade agreement. During his recent trip to Europe, it was reported that he sought an audience with Hitler. The attempt was not successful, but he did confer with a Nazi Under Secretary of Commerce at a meeting to which he was escorted by a spokesman representing German interests in the Philippines. It has not escaped notice in Washington that none of the warnings about Japanese encroachments have emanated from close advisers of President Quezon, about thirty of whom (all of Spanish descent with Spanish, and in some cases German, financial connections) compose the so-called Malacanang Palace crowd.

In the most significant point of Japanese penetration — Davao, which is now jocularly known as "Davaoquo" — it is estimated that

already half of the arable land is held by the Japanese and that half of this, in turn, is held in violation of Philippine law. Thousands of Japanese are entering this region each month; it is Japan's foremost colony outside of the Asiatic mainland. They have set up their own agricultural stations, mineral offices, banks, schools, social centers, and hospitals, all supervised by men sent by the Japanese Government. In the words of Congressman Alexander, who made his own investigation, the Japanese in Davao "are running a practically independent state." Indeed, native Filipinos and Americans journeying to Davao consider it necessary to notify the Japanese consul at Manila of their intentions. On a recent inspection trip to Mindanao, President Quezon himself notified the Japanese consulate at Manila and at Davao.

This inspection trip was supposed to be concerned with Japanese infiltration. Criticism of the Government's lenient attitude toward the Japanese had become too open — Quezon's Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce had been accused of "cowardice" and was about to give in to the growing demand that he cancel the Japanese leaseholds when the President stepped in and ordered him to do

nothing until he, the President, could go to Mindanao and see for himself. Quezon went, received a communication of defiance from the Japanese leaseholders and a suggestion or two from Tokyo, and returned to Manila with the amazing announcement that "There is no Davao problem."

III

Perhaps not. But Japanese ships in Davao Bay outnumber American vessels 25 to 1. Heavy Japanese Government subsidies are made to these vessels, which operate at a loss because of the half-rate fares from Japan and the nearer mandate islands. The Japanese Government is looking forward to 1946 — or sooner. All of which recalls the prediction of Admiral Dewey after the Battle of Manila Bay. On the deck of his flagship Dewey said:

I look forward some forty or fifty years and foresee a Japanese naval squadron entering this harbor, as I have done, and demanding surrender of Manila and the Philippines, with the plan of making these islands part of a great Japanese empire of the future. I will not live to see what you will witness if you live your ordinary life. That will be the conquest of China by Japan, and when that is done, the conquest of all the island possessions from north to south.

When Philippine independence from the United States becomes a

fact, it will not be necessary for Japan to send a squadron to demand transfer of suzerainty to the Mikado's Government. Why send battleships when, for a quarter of the cost, the Japanese credit-extension companies can subsidize three-fourths of the lawyer members of the legislature! It will not even be necessary for Japan to send a High Commissioner to the Philippines. An individual with the innocent-sounding title of Ambassador would be sufficient to accomplish the economic result which Japan seeks — the use of the Islands for a population of 50,000,000 people, whom the Islands, now populated by only about 16,000,000, could easily support.

One of the documents brought to the attention of the first session of this Congress was an address by the Philippine patriot, Salvador Areneta, at the convocation program of the University of Manila last May. In part he said:

Bluntly speaking, the issue that we have before us is not to decide whether or not to have independence. A Japanese economic penetration throughout the whole line, planned to the very last detail, will take place. With the important industries in the hands of the Japanese, with our foreign commerce entirely controlled by Japan, with Japanese skilled labor controlling the key and best positions in our economic life, our laws will be dictated from

Tokyo and we will be allowed to keep our apparent sovereignty as long as our national assembly continues acting as a mere rubber stamp of Japanese interest and welfare.

Recent events have convinced observers in Congress and the Administration that the situation is becoming acute. Last August, pressure from Washington induced the Quezon Administration to agree to accept several thousand refugees from the German Reich for settlement in Mindanao, but the hand of foreign powers was seen in the decision to restrict Jewish refugees in Mindanao to certain occupations which would not conflict with Japanese interests there.

The preparations are apparent on every hand. A law professor at the University of the Philippines openly advocates rule by "Fellow-Orientals," and recently went to Japan with a deputation of prominent Filipinos to petition the Emperor to annex the Philippines. A leading department store owner in Manila, who joined another group of businessmen on a good-will mission, has come out strongly for a Philippine-Japanese alliance.

At Palau, one of the Japanese islands only three hours distant by plane from the Philippines, the Japanese have built a modern airport, and now are building piers and channels to accommodate war-

ships. Palau has complete command of the Southern Philippines, while Formosa is only eighty miles from the northern Philippine islands, the Batanes. The Batanes people have complained to Manila that Japanese fishermen from Formosa are raiding villages, but native officials in Manila tell Congressional inquiries that they dare do nothing about it because "the Japanese may be our masters tomorrow." A few months ago Filipino constables boarded a suspicious Japanese boat off the coast, but the Japanese beat up the government agents and threw them off the ship. After a Philippine protest, the crew of the ship were arrested and taken to Japan. There they were set free.

There is strong pro-Chinese sentiment among the common people of the Philippines, but this and an attempt to create a Japanese

boycott have been rigidly suppressed by the Quezon Government under the cloak of "strict neutrality." Strict neutrality means, in this case, interdictions against pro-Chinese speakers, and President Quezon talks much of *bushido*, an expression for Japanese national honor. The influence of the Japanese Consul is so great that when Edgar Snow, author of *Red Star Over China*, was advertised to lecture in Pasay, just outside of Manila, the local Mayor canceled the permit at the request of this Consul. The Governor of the province at first backed up the Mayor, but later admitted that he could not forbid the lecture. However, he refused police protection.

Evidence such as this has convinced Washington that trouble is brewing. The question Congress must soon decide is whether to retreat or prepare to fight it out.



► *Adventure, ecstasy, despair — as Moscow's secret emissaries ply their risky trade.*

COMMUNIST AGENT

By JAN VALTIN

THE life of a Communist Agent is always stormy — and frequently short. Often his assignments take him to countries where his discovery by the police means almost certain death. More often he is in danger of “liquidation” by the movement he serves. In recent years, since Stalin became dictator of international communism, hundreds of his agents abroad have renounced him as a traitor to the cause. Many have paid with their lives for thus following the dictates of their revolutionary conscience. Others — the writer among them — are alive to tell the tale.

Because of the high mortality rate among agents, the training of new ones is among the more important problems confronting the Communist International. “Talent scouts” continually scour Communist Parties the world over for promising young men and women who may be trained to assume dangerous conspirative tasks on a worldwide scale. To qualify, the youthful communist must have

been a steadfast member of his national Party for at least three years; must have demonstrated his militancy in strike work, recruiting campaigns, and especially in defending Stalin's political “line.” In short, he must combine fanaticism with a certain amount of intelligence, and he must be deemed capable of plunging into adventure without thought of danger.

Once discovered, the promising young comrade is quietly shipped to Moscow, where he is enrolled in the Lenin School, the University of the West, or in one of the military academies at the disposal of the Comintern (Communist International). Life here is no cinch. He works hard; the career he has embraced is not for softies. He studies history, dialectic materialism, mass psychology, strike tactics, espionage methods, the strategy of civil war, and street fighting. To guard his anonymity (essential for the work he is trained to do) he is made to live in segregated quarters under an assumed name. He meets hundreds of other young men and

women of every race and nation on earth. For all its hardships, theirs is a thrilling life — youth dedicated to a cause, prepared to live and die for what seems to them a great ideal. . . . The writer was one of them, and knows that the ecstasy of this dedication is matched only by the despair of the ultimate disillusionment.

The training lasts from two to four years, by which time the comrades have been indoctrinated with a faith that may be summed up in these words: "Loyalty unto death to the Comintern, the Soviet Union, and Stalin." Where possible they are taught to operate within bourgeois law; where impossible, to act illegally. Communist ethics justify any action — however criminal in the eyes of bourgeois moralists — if it serves the cause. This principle becomes second nature to the trained agent.

Comintern schools produce an average of four hundred professional Stalinists yearly. A number of the leading American communists, to the writer's personal knowledge, have had this training; one of them ran for Vice-President of the United States on the communist ticket. About three hundred are sent home to serve the communist movements in their own countries. They become paid

district secretaries, editors, directors of various communist "innocent clubs," heads of communist factions in trade unions. The remaining hundred or so are the exceptional ones, the elect — destined to be the cosmopolites of Bolshevism, the real communist agents, part of one of the most extraordinary secret forces in the world's history.

The official title for these Comintern men is the awkward "International Political Instructors," and they are usually referred to simply as "instructors." But the word "agent" is more accurate and conveys the idea more correctly to an outsider. Before being thrown into the thick of his work, the graduate usually visits four or five foreign countries, sojourning several months in each. Thus he learns to adapt himself to the mentalities of foreign workers and to grasp political and economic issues in distant places.

These agents are in effect the traveling officers corps of the Third International. Unlike the mass of ordinary communist officials, they are not subject to the authority of the Central Committee of any national section of the International, but are responsible directly to Moscow. They are, in fact, the whips which the Kremlin cracks

over the heads of too-sluggish or dissenting Party bureaucracies in foreign lands.

The writer knows, from years of service in this corps, that no civilized or half-civilized country on the map is without its "instructors" from headquarters. I have known comrades who went as far afield as the sugar plantations of Hawaii and the mines of the Belgian Congo, to find themselves a year later in Havana, Paris, Copenhagen, or New York. At this very moment there are "instructors" in America; at least two of them — one in New York, the other on the West Coast — are persons from whom the nominal head of the Communist Party, Earl Browder, must take orders if he is to remain in the International.

II

Whenever the Comintern bosses decide upon swift and energetic action in some part of their vast sphere of interest, agents are dispatched. They study all the confidential reports pertaining to their mission. Having finished their assignment, they submit a report and are directed to the next task. Every communist insider knows that the bearers of big names in the Central Committees, which are

open to public admiration and attack — the Pollits, Cachins, Browders, and Dimitrovs — are little more than figureheads. The driving force is always an underground agent, unknown to the bulk of Party members. He appears, seemingly from nowhere, at Party headquarters, shows his credentials and takes control behind the scenes. He tears into shortcomings, dictates campaigns, eliminates undesirables, and generally makes things happen. Then he disappears as unobtrusively as he came.

Practically all Comintern agents travel with forged passports. A genuine passport becomes useless as soon as an agent is arrested, and there is no agent who does not quickly acquire a police record somewhere. Usually the same man uses a different passport for each of the many countries he enters, and never the passport of that country.

In addition, the professional Stalinist agent is armed with fake documents proving him to be a teacher or journalist or salesman for a reputable foreign firm. Such confidential addresses and data as he must carry are put into code and typewritten on a piece of silk which is then hidden in the lining of his clothes. Frequently the agent marries, temporarily, a reliable girl comrade in the country to which he

is assigned; this gives him additional local coloration. Women agents quickly obtain a legal change of name and citizenship by marrying an obscure local comrade.

The Comintern operates a highly efficient passport department, with its main office in Copenhagen. Its secret director is an outwardly respectable member of the municipal government. His contacts are multitudinous; agents send him old and new passports from all corners of Europe and the Americas. Fresh passports are often brought to him by courier from Leningrad, where one Comrade Ryatt, a Latvian, is in charge of printing and forging operations. An agent simply hands in his photograph, stating which nationality he desires to adopt temporarily, and in less than a week receives his false passport.

Easiest to forge and most widely used by the Comintern are the passports of Scandinavian countries, because secret Stalinist sympathizers hold numerous secretarial jobs in their consular services. Dutch, Belgian, and Greek documents are also popular. American passports are considered difficult to forge, but a great many of them are in the hands of the Comintern agents. British, Japanese, German, and Italian passports

are considered too risky and are therefore taboo.

There are some countries which experienced agents do not dare invade with false documents. Agents bound for these lands travel as stowaways on ships which have communist units among their crews. For this purpose the Comintern commands an elaborate illegal transport system, centered in Antwerp and Rotterdam.

It is difficult to estimate the number of Third International agents in non-Soviet territory. The number is liable to sharp fluctuations. From six hundred to eight hundred, the writer thinks, would be a reasonable guess. The whole corps works under the direction of the Western Secretariat of the Comintern, which is the highest agency of international Stalinism this side of the Soviet frontiers. It distributes funds allotted by the Kremlin for the propagation of Moscow's international aims. With an iron hand it controls the doings of the seventy-six national sections of the Comintern, fifty-two of which operate in places where communist activities are treated as high treason. This Secretariat maintains a strictly conspirative character. All its business falls under the "illegal" portion of communist effort. Its offices, with numerous

translators, couriers, and guards, are well camouflaged. There are no telephones; the doors are secured by an intricate system of locks.

Until Hitler seized power, the Secretariat's headquarters were in Berlin. A conservative book store on the Wilhelmstrasse was its façade and Comrade Dimitrov its chief. Dimitrov, who at that time posed as Alfons Kuh from Zurich, was relegated after the Reichstag fire trial to a nominal function in Moscow. After the German debacle, the "general staff of world revolution" moved to Paris, where it established itself as a firm of architects near the Gare du Nord. Bela Kun became its real director. But the Hungarian strayed slightly off "the line." He was lured to Moscow, and has probably been shot. His successor was Ernst Wollweber, from the Silesian mines. Wollweber, an unscrupulous and fearless schemer, rode the Trojan Horse of Stalinism with considerable success until last June. While on a trip to Copenhagen he was abducted by German Gestapo agents. Presumably he was spirited to Germany to face a charge of treason and of engineering the murder of more than a score of policemen during the uprising in Hamburg ordered by the Comintern in 1923.

The salary of an average Comintern agent is \$150 monthly. In addition to this he receives traveling expenses, and a "political budget" to finance his work. Officials of the Western Secretariat receive monthly salaries as high as \$600. During 1937 the monthly budget of the Secretariat averaged \$52,000. To finance the June 1933 World Congress Against Fascism (where the American League Against War and Fascism was really born) in Paris the Western Secretariat spent more than \$80,000.

All Comintern salaries and budgets are paid in American currency, and in cash. There are no bank transactions. Occasionally the money is transmitted by the Soviet trade agencies abroad, but mostly it is brought from Moscow by couriers. No effort is spared to avoid any contact between the financial dealings of the Comintern and the Soviet diplomatic service.

III

The duties of a Comintern agent are not always political or revolutionary. Many of his assignments concern internal communist squabbles and problems. The deadly rivalries for power among communist officials, the scramble for appropriations, the great number of

defections by communists disgusted by Stalin's bloodier policies — all these create conflicts and inner-Party dangers which Moscow must straighten out. The Comintern agent is Moscow's long arm.

By way of indicating the great variety of jobs that fall to an agent's lot, the writer will list a few of the hundreds of specific tasks entrusted to Comintern instructors by the Western Secretariat in the last ten years. In some of these assignments I took part myself; I came to know of the others through colleagues in the service. Some were successful, others failed:

The liquidation of a number of Scandinavian seamen's clubs in U. S. ports because their revolutionary propaganda hurt the growing outward respectability of the Comintern.

The organization of a mutiny of German seamen on an international basis; German ships in foreign ports were to be paralyzed by strikes and sabotage with the outbreak of a European war.

The forcible liberation of a Chinese Comintern agent who was held prisoner aboard a Japan-bound steamer after his abduction in Rotterdam by Japanese secret service men.

The liquidation of George Hardy, leading Comintern man for British India; he was finally shipped to Leningrad.

The liquidation of the whole Central Committee of the Communist Party of Norway for alleged Trotskyism and chronic drunkenness; the creation of a new Central Committee.

Organization of the smuggling of Comintern literature from San Francisco to Japan by contact men aboard trans-Pacific liners.

Organization of an international campaign of character assassination against Edo Fimmen, general secretary of the Transport Workers' International.

The launching in Mexico of a recruiting campaign for the International Brigades in Spain.

The organization of plantation strikes in Trinidad and Jamaica; and creation of a trade union and a Communist Party in those islands.

The smuggling of arms and ammunition from Belgium to underground Party units in Germany.

The engineering of an armed uprising in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The building of a communist organization among the sailors of war-ships stationed in the Dutch East Indies.

Industrial espionage in America, England, and other technically advanced countries for the Soviet Union.

Campaign to conquer or wreck the powerful trade unions of Denmark and Sweden.

The creation of a Communist Party in Afghanistan.

The liquidation of Heinz Neumann, formerly a German intimate of Stalin, for alleged intrigues against the Western Secretariat.

The murder of the head of anti-Comintern espionage in Belgium.

The surrender of Knuffgen, an oppositionist communist leader, to the Gestapo.

This list might be continued indefinitely. Agents' jobs range from the management of an election drive and the reorganization of wrecked Party finances to outright murder. There are Comintern men who carry out a score of assignments in a dozen different countries within a single year.

The Comintern agent is a hunted man even in the democratic nations. Rarely is he employed in the country of his birth. Clever as he may be in the game of evading arrest, almost every agent has breathed the air of police jails, prisons, and deportation camps. If his arrest is followed by publicity of any sort, his career is broken, and he ends his days as a Party figurehead, or as clerk, teacher, or stationmaster in one of the more remote regions of the Soviet Union.

When an agent has been seized by the police, he refuses to speak

to anyone. His organization will blandly deny him. If he is lucky, he will merely be jailed for using a false passport, and subsequently deported. He still remains in the service. There are cases where a Comintern man promptly returned to work in the country which deported him. Where Communist Parties do not exist legally, the situation is more serious. The agent knows that capture in countries such as Germany or Bulgaria means life-long prison or death. But he goes there when ordered. Eight out of ten dispatched to fascist countries never return. Out of 67 agents sent to Germany by the Western Secretariat during 1937 only 4 returned; 9 were officially executed, 21 slain in concentration camps, 18 were sent to prison, and the rest disappeared without a trace.

The ugliest single fact about the Comintern agent business, especially in these last few years, is that many arrests are instigated by communist officials themselves, to rid themselves of an unwelcome "eye" from Moscow. Many of the top leaders of various national Communist Parties hate and fear the Kremlin agents, either because they have things to hide or because they are afraid of losing their position of leadership. Denouncing the agent indirectly to the local police

is a convenient way of being rid of him; for men believing that the end justifies the means such treachery is not difficult. This happens often, especially in England, where the Party is corrupt to the core.

Most dismal is the fate of agents who fall out with their bosses because of personal or political disagreements. The secret files of the Comintern contain much personal information about Moscow's indentured servants abroad. A Stalinist proverb says that "you can always find the rope when you have the neck." Scores of agents supplied with a one-way ticket to "go to Moscow and straighten things out with the Comintern" end their journey in the Butirky prison, on the Solovietzky Islands, or before a firing squad.

No Comintern agent is permitted to retire into private life. Since 1935 it has become the fashion to send "undesirable" instructors to Germany, or, before Franco's victory, to Loyalist Spain.

The writer has personally known devoted comrades who followed such orders — and died at the hands of the Cheka in Barcelona or the Gestapo. Trials of Comintern men in Germany for high treason brought out the fact that anonymous letters from Paris announced their arrival to the Gestapo. Those who know the secretiveness of the Comintern in organizational matters will deduce that only the Western Secretariat itself could have written such letters.

A few disillusioned agents have refused to surrender themselves to either the Russian or the German police. Invariably, after they resigned from the Comintern, they were branded as "Nazi spies" in the communist press. Many photographs with this caption, appearing in the international Stalinist press, are just the pictures of men who possessed the audacity to break with Moscow after having sacrificed the best part of their lives to Comrade Stalin's foreign ambitions.



WISCONSIN'S PROBLEM GOVERNOR

BY HARVEY W. SCHWANDNER

JULIUS PETER HEIL, 63-year-old millionaire industrialist is having a riproaring time being Republican governor of the La Follettes' state. He is like a boy let loose in a jam cellar — the crowds, the publicity, the handshaking, the chance to sound off on everything under the sun all have been meat and drink to this short, chunky, ruddy-faced, exuberant extrovert. But in the process he has changed from Julius the Just to Julius the Bust. The imperial title was bestowed upon him by pre-election admirers, when he was bouncing over Wisconsin in the campaign to lick Progressive Governor Philip F. La Follette. Lick La Follette he did, and on the first of the year he was inducted into office. And ever since he has been working so hard at being a buffoon, unintentionally and otherwise, that the "J" somehow got blurred into a "B," even among a good many who voted for him.

Julius has been spouting more inelegant nonsense than the governors of a score of states, includ-

ing Michigan, put together. Editors of the Wisconsin *Octopus*, the State University humorous paper, collected some of the governor's characteristic utterances and printed them as "Sayings from Julius's Almanack." These samples should make Sam Goldwyn look to his laurels:

Even when you call me governor at high noon January second, I will still be the same plain, humble, poverty-stricken peasant boy you knew yesterday.

In my mind are many thoughts.

I go forth as a good Christian soldier to heal our wounds.

This (the capitol) is a building of beauty. It is an edifice.

If labor is not honorable, I'll make it honorable. And if we have industrialists who are not honorable, I'll talk it over with those boys.

I think our White Father in Washington (President Roosevelt) needs divine guidance. Won't you pray that our father in Washington will have his mind changed?

Something is smoldering somewhere (at the university) and I want to clean it up. I want to get rid of this cancerous growth or kill the patient.

When Crown Prince Olav and Princess Martha of Norway were

on display before the Wisconsin legislature not so long ago, Governor Heil boomed, "Oh, they are so nice. I just love them, and I know you do, too, don't you? God bless her, and God bless him too." Turning to the slightly bewildered princess: "I love your hands, I love your face, I love everything about you." And switching attention to her spouse: "If you should ever come over here to make this your native land, God bless you, you would be as welcome as the flowers in May."

A few days later he milked cows in downtown Milwaukee as the climax to a dairy parade. He milked expertly. Suddenly he yelled at an urchin: "Open your mouth!" The boy did. Deftly Heil shot a stream of milk into the boy's mouth. Other boys joined the game and soon His Excellency was wetting them all direct from the udders. The fun over, Heil told the crowds to eat more cheese and drink more milk — sound advice in the country's leading dairy state. The visit of British royalty, too, stirred his salesman's instincts. "You know," he confided, "I'd like to see the king and queen of one of the world's great democracies, and I might be able to get a word in edgewise about Wisconsin cheese."

Another source of amusement to Julius's fellow-citizens has been his over-generous appointment of colonels to his staff. The number is already approaching one hundred, and Wisconsin may soon outstrip Kentucky. When he announced another batch, the *Milwaukee Journal* headlined the news: GOV. HEIL NAMES MORE OF THOSE YOU KNOWWHAT. Everyone knew what.

On a warm June day Heil and sixteen of his colonels reviewed the Wisconsin National Guard. The governor's staff presented him with a saber. Swishing it through the air, he cried: "I should have had a thing like this a long time ago. I should have had the sword of my great grandfather, who was a general under Napoleon. Anyhow, I thank you very much and I promise you that with this sword I will defend the honor of Wisconsin and the United States." Later he appeared on horseback, wearing a light blue coat, striped trousers, and a straw hat. Julius is a natty dresser, and outdoes even Grover Whalen in the matter of lapel flowers.

The governor is happiest when mingling with crowds. He has a homespun manner, the common touch, and an earthy humor. He pats little boys on the head and shouts, "Put up your dukes." He

puts up his own, too — stout red fists. He pats cute little girls, winks, and guesses out loud that he bets they have a beautiful mamma, which doesn't make the mamma mad. He "God blesses" nearly everybody every other sentence, and apparently means it. In his last night of the bitter gubernatorial fight he urged voters in a radio address to kneel and implore God for heavenly guidance. In 1934, when he was called in among conciliators in a utility strike, he asked the contending parties to pray with him. The negotiators mumbled after him as he intoned "Our Father Who Art in Heaven," and fifteen minutes later the strike was settled.

In his campaign for the governorship, economy was Heil's slogan. He promised to cut the budget 15-20 per cent for the biennium. But recently the legislature, controlled by Heil, passed the largest budget in the state's history. Taxpayers have been saddled with new taxes and some of the old ones have been stepped up.

Labor is angry at the Governor because he has signed two new bills which hamper its gains. Heil and his legislature have abolished La Follette's department of commerce, the Wisconsin Development authority (a little TVA), and

the state's agricultural authority. Altogether twenty-six La Follette changes have been thrown over by the new governor. The Heil administration has created a new department of agriculture, a new department of securities, and a bureau of departmental research which has been dubbed the "snooping department" by those who have no faith in Heil's asserted passion for efficiency and economy. Since his inauguration, Heil has been dashing around the country making speeches. His political enemies accuse him of too much of this. They say he should spend more time at Madison, pondering state problems.

Julius Peter Heil is a success story in the best American tradition — born in Germany, brought here at 3, orphaned at 12, and at work ever since. He worked in a blacksmith's shop, clerked in a country store, ran a drill press for International Harvester in Milwaukee, and became a streetcar conductor. At 23, with \$700 saved through years of hard work and penny pinching, he founded his own business, and today the Heil Co. employs 1800 persons making oil burners, hydraulic hoists, snow plows, and anything else that will make a profit. Julius has one of the

most pretentious homes in Milwaukee, is an Elk, Moose, Shriner, and about everything else joinable. In politics he has been in the sidelines, an amateur who relishes the excitement, though it remains a sort of sideline. His recipe for success is right out of the copybooks:

My prescription, provided that you start from nothing, is to go to bed early, get up early, work and plan and dream about your work seven days a week, at least fifteen hours a day. Don't spend money in taverns. Don't watch the clock. Always do a little more than is expected of you.

Whether success on such exorbitant terms is worth it is another

question. Julius Heil has no doubts on that score. He has no doubts on any score. As governor he has made only one serious admission of error: there were three swinging glass doors to his office when he was inaugurated, and he invited anyone who wanted to see him to walk right in. The invitation was accepted so extensively that finally Heil removed the glass doors, replaced them with solid wooden doors which could be latched — from the inside. There's a limit even to Julius's exhibitionism. "I am not a goldfish," he announced formally.



GYPSY CARAVAN

BY FRANCES FROST

I CAN remember as a child
seeing the painted carts go by,
and the bronze-brown faces, dark and wild.
Blue carts the color of the sky

but faded by the winds and rain
were pulled by lean and wiry horses,
leaving the town behind again
to camp beside high watercourses.

The gypsy wagons come no more
to stir my heart and seek the streams;
empty now is the forest-floor
as my heart is empty of those dreams.

WHEN LAST WE WERE NEUTRAL

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

THE United States could not have been more perfectly set up for neutrality than it was in July and August 1914. Woodrow Wilson was a lifelong and conscientious pacifist. His convictions were not emotional and impressionistic, but were based on deep study and prolonged reflection. Moreover, his wife was noted for her firm convictions on pacifism; she strongly backed up her husband in his pacific beliefs and policies. Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan was one of the outstanding pacifists then alive — courageous and willing to stick to his guns in the face of criticism.

In addition, Mr. Wilson was uniquely well informed on the essentials of the European situation before war broke out in the summer of 1914. He had sent his personal representative, Col. Edward M. House, to Europe to study the situation. Sizing up matters that May, Col. House concluded his observations with the statement that “whenever England consents, France and Russia will close in on Germany.” Years of scholarly investi-

gation of the war origins since 1918 have underlined the sagacity of Col. House’s verdict, whatever his later mistakes.

When war came, the President’s statements were a model of neutrality procedure. He issued a formally correct neutrality proclamation and went on to exhort his countrymen to be neutral in thought as well as in action. There is no doubt that he was completely neutral in August 1914. We thus started out most auspiciously along the path of minding our own business. Yet within less than three years we had become involved in the war to make the world safe for democracy, with Mr. Wilson proclaiming that we must apply to this crusade “force, force to the uttermost, force without stint or limit.” What were the influences and pressures that drove us from that path and enmeshed us in the European carnage?

With another world war — direct offspring of the first — under way, the question is far from aca-

demic. It would be banal to insist on absolute parallels; modern history is too complex for such oversimplification. But it would be foolish and cowardly to blur the facts or ignore the lessons of the earlier period. Our transition from perfect neutrality to total immersion in the conflict provides a valuable case study in the ABC's of getting into a European war. Whatever the implications for our own day, it is ineffaceable history.

In case we are catapulted into the new war, Americans should realize that there will be costs beyond heaped-up deaths, bereavements, and economic destruction. The moment we join the war, the New Deal and all its promises of a "more abundant life" will fold up, as did the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson in 1917. Our civil liberties will be more thoroughly suppressed than in the first World War — there has been immense progress in the technique of bigger and better suppression the world over since then. Mobilization plans already drawn up call for a regimentation of American life unmatched by anything that existed in 1917–18. There are reasons for fearing that this regimentation would carry over into peace time and transform the United States into an American style of totali-

tarian society. Under these circumstances an open-eyed, realistic understanding of the process of our entry into the first World War seems an irreducible minimum of knowledge for Americans.

I would summarize the forces which pushed us into the transatlantic calamity as follows: First, a violent change in Mr. Wilson's personal attitude toward the merits of the struggle. Second, economic interests which drove us first into unneutrality, then headlong into war. Third, an inconsistent and unneutral line of diplomatic procedure. Fourth, psychological factors that impelled us toward intervention. How far the same factors operate today is not within the scope of this article to explore. Let us turn our attention to the essential facts, considered purely as history.

II

No circumstances could have forced us into the war if the President had not, by the spring of 1917, been favorable to our entry. We must therefore discuss briefly some of the reasons why he altered his point of view.

Primarily we must take into account the fact that Mr. Wilson's intellectual perspective was pre-

dominantly Anglo-Saxon. He had little knowledge of, or sympathy with, continental European culture and institutions. His great intellectual heroes were such English writers as Milton, John Locke, and Adam Smith. He did graduate work at the Johns Hopkins University Seminar, where the Anglo-Saxon myth reigned supreme. He was a student and admirer of the English constitution and frankly regarded the British system of government as superior to ours.

Then Mr. Wilson had in his Cabinet, and among his ambassadors, men who were intensely pro-English or pro-Ally in their sympathies — Secretaries Lindley M. Garrison and David F. Houston, and Walter Hines Page, Ambassador to London, who frequently went to such extremes in his Anglomania as to annoy even the President. When Bryan was succeeded by Lansing, the most crucial post in the Cabinet went to another vehemently pro-English sympathizer. The biases of Page and Lansing made it difficult to pursue forthright diplomacy with Great Britain.

Mr. Wilson was also deeply influenced by the criticisms of prominent Americans sympathetic to the Allies and intervention. He was stung by the speeches of

Theodore Roosevelt, and by Mr. Roosevelt's reference to his diplomatic statements as "weasel words." He was especially annoyed by Elihu Root's statement that "first he shakes his fist and then he shakes his finger." On the other hand, he was human enough to take note of the praise which was showered upon him by the press when he made a bellicose statement or led a preparedness parade. This contrasted sharply with the bitter criticism when he made such remarks as that a country might be "too proud to fight," or that the only desirable peace would be "a peace without victory." He was also profoundly moved by the British atrocity propaganda, particularly after James Bryce lent his name to the veracity of the stories. When Bryce sponsored the propaganda lies, Wilson came to believe that they must have a substantial basis in fact, which in turn helped his rationalization that England was fighting for civilization.

Personal matters also played their role in the transformation of the President's attitude. When his first wife died, a strong pacific influence disappeared. Then he married a dashing widow friendly to the Allied cause. Bitterly resentful of the criticism to which her husband was subjected because of

his refusal to be stampeded into intervention, the second Mrs. Wilson appears to have wished him to shame his critics by an even stronger stand for intervention. The publication of her *Memoirs* does not make it necessary to modify this statement.

Having been converted to intervention by these various influences, Mr. Wilson rationalized his change of mind in terms of noble moral purpose. As he told Jane Addams in the spring of 1917, he felt that, if there was to be any hope of a just and constructive peace, the United States must be represented at the peace conference following the war. Mr. Wilson could only be at the peace conference if the United States had previously entered the conflict.

III

The influence exerted by American finance upon our entry into the World War has been revealed in Ray Stannard Baker's *Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson*, in the volumes of the Nye investigation, and in Prof. C. C. Tansill's *America Goes to War*. At the outset, the international bankers were by no means all pro-Ally. Some, like the Morgan firm, were pro-British, and had been for years; others, like

Kuhn, Loeb, and Co., manned chiefly by men of German derivation, were pro-German. But the financial interests of all of them soon became pro-Ally. Credit and loans to Germany were discouraged, while large loans were made to the Allied powers.

On August 15, 1914, at the beginning of the war, Mr. Bryan declared against loans to any belligerent, on the logical ground that financial credit is the basis of all forms of contraband. President Wilson backed him up firmly for the time being. This decision did not operate seriously against the Allies; the balance of trade and investment was against the United States and the Allied countries could pay for their purchases here by canceling the debts owed abroad by Americans. But Allied war purchases soon became so extensive that by the autumn of 1914 there was a credit crisis. The National City Bank wrote to Robert Lansing, then counsellor of the State Department, on this matter on October 23, 1914, advocating short-term credits to European governments. Lansing immediately talked the matter over with President Wilson, and the latter agreed that the government would not interfere with such an arrangement. This information was transmitted

orally to Willard Straight of J. P. Morgan & Co. on the same night. Shortly after, H. P. Davison of the Morgan firm went to England and signed a contract to become the British purchasing agent in America. A similar contract was soon made with France.

These short-term credits sufficed for some months. By the summer of 1915, however, Allied purchases had become so extensive that the bankers knew they must float loans here for the Allied countries, if the latter were to continue to buy munitions on a large scale in this country. So they made strong representations to Col. House and to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo.

On August 21, 1915, McAdoo wrote to President Wilson pointing out that great prosperity had come to the country from the sale of munitions to the Allies, but that this prosperity could not continue unless we financed it through open loans to the Allies — *i.e.* by selling Allied bonds in our own financial markets. On September 6, Lansing argued similarly in a letter to the President stressing the crisis that faced American business if the earlier ruling on American loans to belligerents was not rescinded. McAdoo and Lansing won. On September 8, 1915, Wilson as-

sent to the sale of Allied bonds, and the Morgan firm was once more given oral information. Soon the first public loan — the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French loan — was floated.

These formal loans — amounting in all to about \$2,500,000,000 — financed the Allies' purchases for a little over a year, but their buying was so heavy that even the great investment banking houses could not take care of their needs. By January 1917 the Allies had overdrawn their credit by nearly \$500,000,000. Only Uncle Sam could save them, and then only if the United States were at war with Germany; we could not, as a nation, lend money to a belligerent unless we were at war with its enemy.

At this time the Germans renewed unrestricted submarine warfare. The United States could now be led into the war, and the bankers would be repaid — as they were to the last cent. When the war was over, Thomas W. Lamont stated with commendable candor the facts relative to the attitude of the firm of Morgan towards the World War and the belligerent powers:

At the request of certain of the foreign governments the firm of Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Co. undertook to co-

ordinate the requirements of the Allies, and then to bring about regularity and promptness in fulfilling these requirements. Those were the days when American citizens were being urged to remain neutral in action, in word, and even in thought. But our firm had never for one moment been neutral: we didn't know how to be. From the very start we did everything we could to contribute to the cause of the Allies. And this particular work had two effects: one in assisting the Allies in the production of goods and munitions in America necessary to the Allies' vigorous prosecution of the war; the other in helping to develop the great and profitable export trade that our country has had.¹

It is well known that Mr. Wilson was not personally cordial to the bankers before 1917, and that members of the Morgan firm rarely entered the White House until war was declared; hence it has been persistently maintained that the bankers could not have influenced the President. No one, however, should be naïve enough to imagine that the bankers walked into Mr. Wilson's office and demanded that he sign on the dotted line. The bankers exerted their pressure on the men sympathetic to them — on House, Lansing, McAdoo, and others. So even if Mr. Wilson did not personally pay attention to the bankers, he was directly and powerfully influenced by those who did.

It has also been asserted that the

bankers were not alarmed by the fact that, by the close of 1916, the Allies had overdrawn their account to the tune of \$500,000,000. This overdraft, it is said, was covered by securities deposited with the bankers. But it takes considerable simple-mindedness to believe that the bankers would have wished to confiscate these securities, reveal the bankruptcy of their powerful clients, and otherwise embarrass their creditors abroad. Even if the bankers did not have any overt financial worries about getting their money from the Allies, they had psychological and moral worries in this crisis. It is worthy of note that the bankers were paid back every cent, with interest, by the Allies; only Uncle Sam has been compelled to hold the bag.

Some observers have said that the bankers "learned their lesson" during the World War. The only lesson they learned was that great profits may be realized from financing the right belligerents.

Naturally most American industrialists shared the attitude of the bankers. Since England controlled the seas, sales were mainly to the Allied powers, and industrialists wished to see the Allies continue the war and win it. Upon Allied purchases depended most of our sales and prosperity, and upon

¹ *Manchester Guardian*, January 27, 1920.

Allied success and solvency depended our payment in the end. The vast trade in munitions carried us from depression in 1914 to boom years in 1915-1917.

There has been much dispute as to whether we were forced into war by the loans and sales to the Allies or by the resumption of German submarine warfare early in 1917. In an important article on "Neutrality and Economic Pressures, 1914-1917" (*Science and Society*; Spring 1939), Prof. Paul Birdsall of Williams College shows that the two were inseparably involved. By abandoning his neutral financial and industrial policy in favor of the Allies, President Wilson made it possible for the Entente Powers to have an enormous advantage over the Central Powers in getting war supplies. The only way for the Central Powers to overcome this advantage was to resume unlimited submarine warfare and try to sweep from the seas the ships that were carrying these supplies to the Allies. Our financing of the Allies led to the resumption of German submarine warfare, which furnished the "incident" that enabled the war party in this country to put us into the conflict. Thus economic pressure and financial favoritism were the crucial factors which led us into war.

No one need hold that the President was moved primarily by any tender sentiments for the bankers. Both McAdoo and Lansing argued that it was essential to American prosperity as a whole to finance the Allies. It was this broader consideration of continued prosperity in 1915-16, and the relation of this to the prospects of the Democratic party in the election of 1916, rather than any direct banker pressure on the White House that bore in on Mr. Wilson's consciousness in the late summer of 1915 when he let down the gates to financing the Allies.

But the net result was precisely as though Mr. Morgan had walked into the White House and asked the President to sign on the dotted line. Only the method was more adroit and the approach more indirect.

IV

As a result of personal prejudices, powerful economic factors, and Allied propaganda, President Wilson thus slowly slipped away from the neutrality with which he met the outbreak of the war. This was particularly true after Secretary of State Bryan resigned in protest against the increasing unneutrality of our diplomacy. Thereafter, Wil-

son and Lansing followed one line of diplomatic reasoning and international law for the Allies, and a quite different line for Germany. They allowed Great Britain to run wild in the violation of international law and of our neutral rights, while they insisted on holding Germany "to strict accountability" in the literal observance of such law.

England started out in 1914 by making a scrap of paper out of the Declaration of London, governing contraband in wartime. Next it made use of armed belligerent merchantmen as though they were peaceful commercial vessels. England violated our neutral rights far more extensively between 1914 and 1917 than she did before the War of 1812 — even to the point of flying the American flag. Mr. Wilson came to believe, however, that Great Britain was fighting for civilization and that international law must not be allowed to stand in her way. His Attorney-General, Thomas W. Gregory, tells of the rebuke which Mr. Wilson administered to certain Cabinet members when they protested British violations of our neutral rights:

After patiently listening, Mr. Wilson said, in that quiet way of his, that the ordinary rules of conduct had no application to the situation; that the Allies were standing with their backs to

the wall, fighting wild beasts; that he would permit nothing to be done by our country to hinder or embarrass them in the prosecution of the war unless admitted rights were grossly violated, and that this policy must be understood as settled.

Secretary Lansing, in his *Memoirs*, admits that he made no real pretense of holding England to the tenets of international law. He tells us that, after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, he thought we should be fighting on the side of the Allies and that he was determined to do nothing which would prove embarrassing to us when we took our position as a military comrade of the Allied powers. He persisted in this attitude, even though he was later honest enough to say that in 1917 we had as good, if not better, legal grounds for fighting Britain as for fighting Germany. Ambassador Page even went to the shocking extreme of collaborating with Sir Edward Grey in answering the protests of his own government, a procedure which, when revealed, outraged even so pro-Ally a journal as the *New York Times*. We thus encouraged and perpetuated the illegally extensive British blockade, which in turn provoked German submarine warfare. Further, from the studies of Prof. Charles C. Tansill and others, it would seem that, on the rare occasions

when Wilson and Lansing became outraged over the grossest British violations of our neutrality, Col. House invariably appeared on the spot to prevent any show of American firmness.

The psychological factors which headed us for war were numerous and powerful. The active campaign for preparedness and intervention was engineered by leaders of the war cult in the United States — such men as Theodore Roosevelt, Leonard Wood, Henry Cabot Lodge, Gus Gardiner, and others — who led in steps to stimulate the martial spirit. While there were exceptions, the majority of our newspapers were pro-Ally and pro-interventionist. Many were honestly sympathetic with the Allies; others were deeply involved in Allied propaganda; some were heavily subsidized by the Allies; still others were bought outright by Allied interests. The newspapers also had a natural affinity with the bankers and industrialists who were their chief advertising clients.

In the matter of propaganda the Allies had a notable advantage. They controlled the seas, the cables, and other agencies of communication. The Germans had only a crude and temporary wire-

less contact with the United States. Further, Allied propaganda was better organized and supported, and was also far more adroit than the German. Consequently, a majority of Americans were led to believe in the veracity of the mass of anti-German atrocity stories. In a moment of unusual candor, Lord Northcliffe, in charge of British propaganda, stated that the Americans were more gullible than any other people except the Chinese and called us "a bunch of sheep."

The net result of all this was that we entered the war in April 1917. Americans went into the war feeling that there was no other course, that our self-respect and national honor demanded it. The fallacy of this was revealed in the investigations and disclosures of the facts of World War causes in the era of disillusionment after 1918, some of which have been summarized in this article. Our great good fortune in obtaining these facts so quickly should not, it seems to me, be thrown away frivolously in the present critical period. It provides us with a treasure of historical experience that, with the exercise of calm reason, should be useful as a brake on our national conduct in the fateful years just ahead.

LABOR IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

BY STANLEY HIGH

BEHIND the façades of the New York World's Fair, the World of Tomorrow has not been an untroubled Eden. It has been, instead, a happy hunting ground for a small but potent company of predatory agents of some New York labor unions. The Fair authorities and the government of the United States both tried to halt the wholesale gouging, but both failed. Responsible leaders of the American Federation of Labor sought, on behalf of the good name of the American labor movement, to end the profiteering, and were told to mind their own business. As a result, the Fair, instead of promoting good will toward the United States among the sixty nations represented, has created widespread bitterness. And since labor, in general, has suffered by the selfishness of this group of local leaders, the labor movement stands to gain by their exposure.

The best estimate of what their unscrupulousness cost exhibitors is \$4,000,000. Other estimates put the figure at several times that

amount. Some foreign exhibitors figure that unjustifiable labor charges — due, not to the prevailing wage rate, which they took fully into account in their original estimates, but to excessive demands for overtime, deliberate slow-downs, and the forced employment of unnecessary workmen — increased the cost of their concessions by 30 to 40 per cent. The figure for some of the industrial exhibitors and amusement concessionaires is just as high.

Accountants from Holland, sent to inquire the reason for additional expenses at the Netherlands building, wrote off \$30,000 for excessive labor charges. The same item, according to the French Commissioner, cost France between \$100,000 and \$200,000. The \$50,000 deficit at the Venezuelan building is laid entirely to exorbitant labor charges.

In the course of getting their building ready for opening, the Belgians had seven strikes. One cost \$10,000. At one time, according to an official, the lowest wages being paid to a workman in the

Rumanian building was \$200 a week. From that low the scale ran to a top of \$400. One industrial exhibitor overheard a workman in his building complain bitterly about the amount of his weekly check. The check which called forth his complaint was for \$171. Several foreign representatives, in order to explain to their governments the increased cost of their pavilions, drew up a joint statement which said, in part:

In certain cases the normal salary of workers or foremen was increased to such an extent that it reached \$12, \$14, and even \$16 per hour, these rates applying in case of overtime which, in turn, was rendered necessary because of directions given by the unions to their members voluntarily to slow down their work. Another example is that of one of the foreign governments represented, which could have had a certain paving job done by a laborer from its country for \$30, was forced to use American labor and to spend \$600 for the same job.

The background for this betrayal of the best interests of organized labor began long before the Fair was built. Various unions which expected employment for their members bought Fair bonds to the sum of \$166,000. The Fair agreed that, on construction undertaken by the Fair Corporation itself, only union labor would be used. Orally, the Fair authorities declared that they would advise exhibitors to follow

the same practise. The Building and Construction Trades Council of Greater New York — a notably hardboiled outfit — used that toe-hold to enforce the closed shop on practically all of the Fair exhibitors.

The prevailing attitude of most of the locals involved appears to have been expressed by Bert Kirkman, president of Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers — which from all accounts holds the record for Fair coercion. Mr. Kirkman declared frankly that the members of his union had “been through hell during the depression.” He made it plain that they expected to take out of the Fair all that the traffic would stand. Labor, as a result, gave very little quarter.

For ordinary construction jobs, the Building and Construction Trades Council allows the employment of labor in one shift only. All employment beyond the six to eight hours allowed that one shift has to be paid for at time and a half or double time. The Fair, however, was a rush job and the Fair authorities, supported by some labor leaders, sought to have that rule modified in order to employ two or even three shifts at straight time. The request was turned down. Much of the construction work at the Fair was done by Manhattan

firms. These firms had their own experienced workmen. The Fair, however, is located in Queens. When these companies, desiring to use labor acquainted with their methods, sought to import their Manhattan workmen, the locals insisted that for every Manhattan worker it would be necessary to employ two or three men from Queens.

A vast amount of highly complicated electrical machinery was brought to the Fair. Much of it was wired at the factory — usually by union labor. That, however, did not satisfy the local union leaders. Whenever possible they insisted that electrical equipment, wired before reaching the Fair, would have to be taken apart and rewired by the local union.

Two years ago, the United States Secretary of Labor issued a permit allowing — as provided by law — foreign participants in the Fair to bring in workers to install and handle special exhibits. There was no labor objection when the permit was issued, and no foreign exhibitor abused the privilege. But when Fair construction got underway, and after the foreign experts were already on the ground, the unions turned up with the demand that each nation which had its own workmen would have to employ

an equal number of Americans — whether they were needed or not. Failure to comply was met by strikes.

II

That labor at the Fair proposed to get its pound of flesh was evident long before the Fair opened. In April 1938, 340 electrical workers quit because General Motors, for a preview performance, had installed a temporary electrical system and proposed to run it with its own men. In June, work on forty buildings was halted because members of the Electrical Union, Local 3, insisted that their men, rather than those of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, should pull telephone cables between manholes. Last March an order called off the plumbers of Local 463 in sympathetic strike with a walkout in New York City. May saw several disputes: the Venezuelan building was threatened with picketing; announcement was made that a strike of concrete workers would delay the opening of the Czechoslovakian building. Mayor La Guardia set up a fact-finding committee to inquire into a strike called by the International Hod Carriers, Building, and Common Laborers' Union.

When the record is compiled in terms of specific exhibits, it reveals a greater arrogance. A Dutch workman reported that it required eight local unionists eight hours to place a tank in the Netherlands building which three Dutch workmen could have set in thirty minutes. Unionists he had observed worked, on an average, fifteen minutes out of every hour. The remaining forty-five they rested. At the British Pavilion, the unions demanded the rewiring of all electrical equipment. The British wangled a compromise and the union rewired half of it. As the most important feature of its exhibit, Nevada planned to display a five-ton electrically operated model of Boulder Dam. According to the Nevada authorities, the unions decreed that the model — despite the fact that it had been wired by union labor in the first place — would have to be taken apart and rewired in New York and that, in addition, a local unionist would have to be employed to look after it. The designer insisted that rewiring would wreck the model entirely. The unions refused to compromise. Due, in part, to that fact, Nevada withdrew from the Fair.

Holland planned to display a very complicated electrical machine used for sorting mail and,

to install and operate it, sent five experts. The unionists stepped in and ordered its installation by American labor. The Dutch refused. Appeals to the Federal government brought no action. For five weeks, the machine lay unpacked on the floor of the Dutch pavilion. Finally the unions agreed to allow the Dutch experts to do the job — but they required that an equal number of American workmen be employed at full pay. These were chiefly kibitzers.

The French sent five experts to the Fair early last January to do a special job of plastering. Local plasterers' unions prevented them from working. The Frenchmen were obliged to remain idle from mid-January until the first of March. According to the French Commissioner, the threat of a strike was continually held over him lest he allow the Frenchmen so much as to "drive home a nail." He finally agreed to employ the required number of Americans.

The installation of the carillon at the Belgian building was another job for experts. Several were sent from Belgium. They were not allowed to work, however, until American "stand-bys" had been employed. The Dutch report a similar experience with their carillon. The director of the Venezuelan

building reported that four and a half lines of lettering blocked in over an area one foot wide and three feet long cost him \$225.

With the Italians, according to Judge Salvatore A. Cotillo, Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York, sabotage was employed. To staff the Italian restaurant, waiters and chefs were chosen from several Italian steamships. The unions demanded that these men be displaced by their own members. When the Italians refused, chairs were found slashed in the restaurant. It was necessary, thereafter, according to Judge Cotillo, to hire guards to protect the equipment.

For the ten workmen and artists who came from Venezuela, an equal number of Americans had to be employed. Exception was made for artists who were allowed to paint the huge mural which appears outside the building. To compensate for this concession, however, Venezuela had to hire American painters, entirely unfamiliar with Venezuela, to paint two murals on the interior. The Venezuelan consulate in New York City was picketed because, at the Fair, six Venezuelan musicians were employed to play native music.

Large photographic murals for the Australian building arrived from Australia slightly soiled by

finger marks. It was assumed that unskilled laborers, with soap and water, could clean them. But agents of the United Scenic Artists stepped in and insisted that their members would have to wield the cleanser. They did — at a reported overtime charge of \$4.50 an hour.

American exhibitors and concessionaires fared no better. One concession required a large tent for part of its show. The company operating this concession called on its own expert tentmen to do the work. Whereupon, the riggers' union appeared and claimed the job. They took it over — at approximately three times the normal cost. The architect for one group of buildings was called on by the representatives of the plumbers. It seems that his job was proceeding too rapidly. The plumbers complained that they had had no overtime. As the architect told me the story, he was served with an ultimatum. Unless overtime was provided during the next two weeks they would walk off the job. The overtime was arranged — at \$4 an hour. On a Sunday a few days later the architect turned up unexpectedly. None of his five plumbers was working. He found them smoking nearby — at a cost, per day, of \$24.

The club-room at a large indus-

trial exhibit required a small steam-table. The table had two simple pipe connections. To make the connections, the unions insisted on the employment of both a plumber and a steamfitter. The bill was \$80. For stringing three lights to a pole in an amusement-area concession—a job which an outside contractor estimated at \$35—the cost was \$75. Two platforms for showcases outside one industrial exhibit cost, not the estimated \$60, but \$160—\$100 of it for labor. A bill for putting up the awnings at one restaurant was \$2700.

III

To insure the proper handling of the priceless works of art in the Old Masters' Exhibit, eight expert picturehandlers were supplied from one of New York City's largest art galleries. The Upholsterers' and Drapers' Union intervened. Picturehandling and hanging would have to be done by them. To forestall a general tie-up, the officials at the exhibit hired four unneeded unionists. Union pressure continued and it was eventually necessary to hire eleven. Their pay ran as high as \$175 a week. Their usefulness, according to the manager of the exhibit, was practically zero.

The various buildings at the Fair

contain a large number of murals. Mural painters in the United Scenic Artists of the American Federation of Labor demanded that the work go to them. The Fair, however, agreed to allow a share of it to be done by the Independent Mural Artists Guild. When the painters showed up, however, they were told that if they expected to work they would have to join the Scenic Artists' local. It was finally conceded that non-member artists would be allowed to create designs, provided they did their work off the grounds. Execution on the grounds would have to be done by members. One of the most distinguished muralists who worked at the Fair reports that the men sent to execute his designs were house-painters suddenly turned artist. Chiefly for standing around and, now and then, passing up a brush they were paid \$18 a day. Another artist reported that the cost of hanging his canvas in the Gas Industries Building was approximately four times the estimate he had received.

In the San Francisco Fair it was stipulated that labor, after the Fair's completion, would leave the buildings to the management of the various exhibitors. In New York there was no such stipulation and local unionists hung on after the

Fair was finished. Foreign buildings were saddled with from one to half-a-dozen "maintenance men" whose chief function appears to have been to turn the lights off and on and to replace burned-out bulbs. For such service the Venezuelan building paid \$33 a day. Holland had to support two maintenance men. Arkansas had a serious run-in with the unions when the Motion Picture Machine Operators Union demanded the employment of a projectionist at \$150 a week to watch an automatic movie machine.

It should be noted here that the attitude of the carpenters' unions, operating through the District Council of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, furnishes a refreshing contrast to all this. The carpenters apparently had no difficulty in working in full co-operation with Fair authorities and exhibitors, for there is no record of labor troubles involving them. But the extortions of other local unions extended beyond the exhibitors and employers of labor to the workers themselves. In order to keep their jobs, more than 1500 non-union employees of various Fair restaurants are obliged to pay \$1.25 to \$2 a month into the union treasury. The amounts exacted are equal to the dues

collected from union members. "The holder of this permit," says the card which the union issues to these non-member contributors, "is allowed to work under union conditions in a union establishment, subject to the working rules of local —."

These cases constitute only a small part of the story of the coercions practised by the local unions which got their hands on the Fair. The complete story will probably never be written. It will not be written for the same reason that neither the Fair, the government, nor the national leaders of labor could prevent its development. Inside their own bailiwick these particular unions exercise a sovereignty too powerful for the average contractor to challenge. That power is currently being investigated by the Department of Justice; it remains to be seen whether or not the Federal government will seriously pursue the inquiry. Meanwhile, it is a heartening fact that the responsible leaders of the American labor movement — sensitive to labor's obligation to society and to the promotion of international good will — attempted to halt the profiteering tactics of the locals at the Fair. But it is, equally, an ominous fact that they failed.

"THE PUBLICK UNIVERSAL FRIEND"

BY ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

JEMIMA WILKINSON, the "Publick Universal Friend," was the first native American to found a religion. True, the movement which she started at the beginning of the American Revolution did not last half a century. Yet *Jemima* should not be forgotten. She was not only a person, but a portent. For she was the first to grasp firmly the idea that a religion, to be profitable to its founder, should appeal to the members of the wealthier classes. Thus, in the larger sense, hers was an enduring creed.

Jemima was the eighth of the twelve children of a prosperous Rhode Island farmer. Her Quaker mother, worn out with incessant childbearing, died when *Jemima* was a young girl. Petted and pampered by a doting father, the future prophetess took no part in the duties of household or farm but spent her youth very pleasantly reading romances and poetry. She was not merely self-willed and selfish; there was something puzzling about her, half-fascinating yet potentially sinister. Her ap-

pearance was striking: she was tall, with hypnotic eyes and black hair that swept away from her brow to fall in curls on her shoulders. Some were allured and thought her beautiful; others were repelled and considered her "mannish."

She seemed indifferent to religion until she reached the age of 16 when she heard the impassioned preaching of Whitefield and discovered that there was more thrill in religion than in romance. She attended the revivals of the "New Light Baptists" and gave her allegiance to them for a time. But to be a follower could not satisfy *Jemima* for long: a desire for leadership was stirring within her.

At the age of 22, during a serious illness, *Jemima* fell into a state of unconsciousness lasting some days, from which she awakened with the conviction that she had died and that her body was now inhabited by "the Spirit of Light" which had come "to warn a lost and guilty, gossiping, dying world to flee from the wrath to come." In vain her physician assured her that

there was no evidence whatever that she had died. Who were doctors and of what value their piffling evidence in comparison with her own inner certainty?

She began to preach, announcing herself as "the Publick Universal Friend," and soon gained a small band of Rhode Island converts. Influenced by the example of Ann Lee, the Shakeress, she set out to establish celibate religious communities, and succeeded, temporarily, in organizing groups of Wilkinsonian celibates at New Milford, Conn., and at East Greenwich and South Kingston, R. I. Her methods were the reverse of those of the humble, honest Shakers. Clad in a startling riding suit of her own design, with a long, flowing robe hung from her shoulders, she rode in queenly state through the New England towns, followed by a horseback procession of her disciples, riding solemnly two by two. Everywhere her arrival was a matter of news. People of importance became interested: Stephen Hopkins, the governor of Rhode Island; Joshua Babcock, one of the incorporators of Brown University; and, above all, the rich Judge William Potter, who built an addition to his house in order to accommodate "the Universal Friend."

All this was while the American Revolution was going on; but Jemima was far above such mundane struggles. She continued to preach her new gospel, the essence of which was to have faith in the Friend endowed with some sort of mystical deific kinship. The Shakers were proclaiming that Ann Lee was the fulfillment of the Second Coming of Christ; secretly, Jemima seems to have been convinced that she, instead of Mother Ann, was the real reincarnated Christ, but she did not have the courage to say it. So she left the matter conveniently vague. For the rest, her discourses, to judge from the reports that we have, consisted of religious platitudes given what novelty they possessed by Jemima's personal magnetism.

II

Jemima's theology might be all in the air, but she was a New Englander when it came to matters of money. Was it not obvious that, while awaiting the wrath to come, one still had to live? Indeed, how could one preach the wrath to come successfully unless one had the material means to conduct missionary journeys and establish communities? It was observed that Jemima's journeys grew shorter,

circling around the home of Judge Potter.

The Judge was rather careless in the management of his large estate. What was more natural, then, than for the enterprising Jemima to relieve him of such responsibilities so far as possible? But what was also more natural than for scandal mongers to make evil comments on their relationship? By 1783 Jemima's reputation had become so clouded in upright New England that she was practically obliged to leave.

She went, of course, to Philadelphia, the traditional haven of refuge for exiles fleeing from persecution. But the City of Brotherly Love, as the temporary national capital, was concerned with affairs of state and did not want to be interrupted by religious fanaticism. Its inhabitants had, in fact, developed a rather inhospitable, un-Quakerlike habit of stoning speakers they disliked. After an experience of this nature, Jemima decided to found a colony on the frontier where she would have only the peaceable Indians as her neighbors. Aided by Judge Potter and two other wealthy Rhode Island "angels," she purchased in 1788 a large tract of land at Penn Yan, near Seneca Lake, in Yates County, N. Y. There,

two years later, she laid out the town of "Jerusalem," expected to be the Mecca of her new religion.

As a Mecca, Jerusalem was a failure. After ten years, it still had only two hundred and sixty inhabitants. But as a frontier village it was very successful. It had a saw-mill, grist-mill, and school, and its farmers were raising bounty wheat crops on their rich, well-chosen land. Their leader had established friendly relations with the Seneca Indians, by whom she was called "Squaw Shinnewanagistawe," the Great Woman Preacher. But this was Jerusalem's noonday. Night came early when Jemima's angels began to grow weary of her constant requests for contributions, always couched in the simple and commanding phrase, "The Friend hath need of these things." Angry recriminations followed their refusals. Potter and Parker broke with her entirely. There were law suits; everything was at sixes and sevens.

Then Squaw Shinnewanagistawe developed an extreme animosity toward the male sex. She surrounded herself with a bevy of young girls and treated the rest of her followers with increasing arrogance. She revealed a growing fondness for inflicting degrading punishments upon them. One man

was compelled to wear a black hood for three months, another to go about with a little bell attached to the skirts of his coat.

Finally, she became sick of the sight of her own community. She had thoughtfully reserved 12,000 acres of the best land for herself, and there, twenty miles from Jerusalem, she built a great mansion where she and her girls could be by themselves. Years passed, and Jemima Wilkinson grew coarse, fat, and dropsical, losing every trace of the ambiguous beauty that had once fascinated her followers. One by one, they deserted her. Jerusalem returned to the

wilderness, to be replaced by the wholly secular town of Penn Yan. Only an occasional curiosity seeker wound his way through the forest to Jemima Wilkinson's dwelling, where he found an ugly, bitter old woman, sitting moodily in an empty mansion. The Publick Universal Friend had become a private universal enemy. She had outlived her religious movement, outlived her reputation, outlived herself. Like a lonely milestone on some forgotten road, Jemima Wilkinson lingered on to the age of 67 when she died on her forest estate, neglected by the world she had sought to save and had thought to rule.



SEASCAPE

BY ROBERT PHILIP HILLIER

Overhead,
Puffs of sea-foam
Drift lazily
Across the cobalt dome. . . .
The panting ocean
Strives again and again
To keep the sun-tanned beach
In her arms. . . .
While, far from shore,
Like protruding fins of mammoth sharks,
White sails
Skim along the horizon.

GERMANY AND A PROLONGED WAR

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

Author of Germany and a Lightning War

CHANCELLOR ADOLF HITLER has frequently remarked that Germany in 1939 is not the Germany of 1914. This is true in more respects — respects less consoling to the Reich — than the Führer intends to convey. Tempting as it may be to treat the current war in terms of a simple repetition of history, the facts today are far more complex. Politically, it should be recognized that in 1914 there existed, in advance, two firm groupings of powers: the Entente and Russia on one side, the Central Powers on the other. Now the main groupings are less rigid, and more nations have retained their freedom of decision. Economically, war has become in the interim so much more complicated and mechanized that demands on the industrial resources of the warring nations are correspondingly greater. Seldom has it been so clear at the outset of a war how important political — as against merely military — developments will be in its further course. And never before has it been so evident that, along with purely

military factors, economic factors will play a determining role — that, indeed, economic elements will be the most decisive in a prolonged war.

A prolonged war appears to be in prospect. With England as its enemy, Germany cannot hope for a victorious “lightning” attack. In the East, facing Poland, whose effective implements of war the Reich outnumbered 10 to 1, rapid-fire successes were possible. Against a Western coalition of England and France — a coalition whose combined industrial strength balances that of Germany — a swift decision is out of the question. Even more than in 1914-18, a long war will mean that economic factors which appear to have relatively little weight at the start will operate increasingly to decide the issue of victory or defeat.

That economic deficiencies cost them the first World War is now admitted by German experts. This, however, was recognized only after Germany had been defeated. It was characteristic of all the combat-

ants in that war that they underestimated, or even ignored, economic factors. At present the brains of Germany's new wartime economy is Major-General Thomas, chief of the Economic Section of the War Ministry and one of the authors of the Four Year Plan. In an article in a Nazi bulletin he asserted frankly that German industry in 1914 had been unprepared for war:

No one who reads the inquiry ordered by Minister von Tirpitz in 1906 concerning the provisioning of Germany in the event of war, and the numerous demands of the General Staff, and then investigates the effect of these warnings, can help asking himself how it was possible, in an age of technology and rapid industrial advancement, to forget so utterly the maxim of military historians — the close connection between the conduct of war and economy. The course of the World War demonstrated this connection in the highest degree. Without going into details, we can attest positively that the economic conditions of Germany affected the war most sharply from beginning to end, and in the final analysis decided it.

In the present conflict, both sides recognized the crucial importance of economic elements even in their pre-war preparations. The contrast between the two periods may be illustrated by the fact that Germany went into the first World War with a military General Staff, while today it has both a military and *economic* General Staff. The economic lessons of the last war

have been deeply impressed on the world.

Modern war calls for gigantic quantities and a steady flow of war materials; it is a machine-and-industry war, in which the production of iron and steel is the foundation. It is therefore natural that the German iron and steel industry should have made spectacular strides since the Nazis came to power and began straightway to gear for war. From 1937 to 1938 the German output of iron grew from 16,349,000 to 18,655,000 tons, and the output of steel from 20,037,000 to 22,991,000 tons. In England during the same critical year, iron production receded from 8,629,000 to 6,872,000 tons, and steel production similarly from 13,455,000 to 10,561,000 tons. French iron output declined from 7,914,000 to 6,027,000 tons and steel from 7,920,000 to 6,100,000.

Thus in the year when statesmen conferred at Munich, when Austria and Czechoslovakia were annexed, when Western fortifications were being rushed to completion and trial mobilizations effected — the mines and foundries of the Third Reich poured out black metals in ever-increasing quantities. In the Western countries — and the United States as well — at the same time the output fell off: in France and

England to four-fifths of the 1937 figures and in the United States almost to half. This was part of a general decline following the economic recession in the United States in the fall of 1937; and only in Germany, where war industries predominated heavily over peacetime manufactures, was a rise maintained. Russia, too, showed some increase that year, but the administrative paralysis and lowered efficiency resulting from Stalin's political purges acted as a brake. The margin between German and Russian industrial production, which had been growing narrower up to 1936, began to widen thereafter as Germany outstripped the Soviets in tempo of growth.

To comprehend what happened in Munich it is helpful to focus attention on the fact that Germany last year produced one-third more iron and steel than France and England combined; and that the Reich, in addition, had taken the lead in virtually every branch of armament production. To achieve this, the Nazi regime had acquired direct control over some two-thirds of the total national income and proceeded to convert increasingly large sectors of its domestic economy in peacetime to a wartime production basis.

Thus Germany entered the war with vast supplies of every type of weapon, and with a national economy already largely state-regulated. It required much less time than its enemies to gear the remaining fraction of her economy to war purposes and could effect industrial mobilization with unprecedented speed.

II

Germany's initial advantage, therefore, is in its superior industrial and war-economy preparations, rather than in the purely military strength of its army. The German army, I believe, is far weaker than is generally supposed, and far weaker than in 1914. Modern mechanized warfare calls for highly qualified and extensively trained human material. Even in the World War that was the reason why the industrial worker made a better soldier than the peasant.

When hostilities began in 1914, Germany had under arms 5,000,000 men who had seen at least two years of active service. France had the same number, products of a three-year training period. By the time the armistice was signed, Germany had called up a total of 10,000,000 men. With half of her troops already well-trained, there was no

special difficulty in assimilating the other half of untrained troops. The large number of efficient and highly-qualified officers in the old Imperial Army was a factor in accomplishing this assimilation.

Today the situation looks a good deal worse for Germany. Officially the Reich did not revive compulsory military service until 1935, though a certain amount of training went on before that. The fact remains that military classes from 1911 to 1913-14 have had no training comparable to that which prevailed before the World War. Of the classes which served in the World War, the youngest is now 39 years old; plainly only a small fraction of the men who survived that war can be available for front-line duty today. To what extent German technical personnel may have benefited from the experience of the recent Spanish war is difficult to ascertain; but it is surely small when measured by the scale of the present war.

In France, on the other hand, compulsory military service has been in force without break. France now has under arms 5,000,000 men who have been trained for at least two years, while Germany has at most 3,000,000 to 3,500,000 adequately trained troops. If the ratio of trained to untrained Ger-

man troops was 1:1 in the World War, it is no more than 1:3 at present. Possibly this helps explain why less than 2,000,000 troops were assigned to the West Wall, while the remainder of the German Army was operating in Poland.

Moreover, military qualifications are lower than they used to be, especially among the younger generation of officers. That is to be expected, in view of the general lowering of intellectual standards under National Socialism. German army leaders have admitted as much, and in some cases have expressed their doubts openly. In a speech quoted in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Major-General Thomas declared:

At the last meeting of the Reich Economic Board, Prof. Zemeck, director of the German Museum in Munich, referred especially to the fact that the degree of higher schooling among our young people is inadequate for our times. I must agree with him in this. I see great danger for our national defense, if the mental development should be limited by an exaggerated emphasis on physical training; for when our regimental commanders themselves make this observation regarding their recruits, it unquestionably points to a weakness in our system of training up to now.

The millions of hastily trained troops and the decline in the quality of officer-material may prove a

heavy handicap for Germany, canceling the advantage of her rapid industrial mobilization. This may well be the reason why we found German troops on the defensive in the West, instead of taking the offensive promptly as in 1914. Important French industrial provinces, which fell so swiftly under German control in the first World War offensive, remain in French hands at this writing. Perhaps it is not only the Maginot Line that restrained the Germans, but also the awareness that the French Army is better trained than their own.

As it now seems likely that Germany will make no large-scale territorial conquests in the West, and will therefore have no chance to acquire supplies from that direction, its war-economy weaknesses will make themselves felt faster than formerly. These weaknesses are manifest primarily in the three important respects wherein Hitler's economy is decidedly below the Kaiser's—in finances, foodstuffs, and raw materials.

When the first World War began, England had three to four billion pounds and Germany had 25,000,000,000 marks in foreign banks. Throughout the war both countries made huge purchases abroad. German imports, in fact,

reached a total of some 16,000,000,000 marks, thus enabling the government to plug quite a few of the leaks in its domestic economy. Today England has practically the same amount of capital abroad, while Germany has only one or two billion marks. In 1938 the Reich's imports of fats alone ran to 384,000,000 marks. If the war keeps on as long as the last one, it would seem that the sum-total of all the Reich's wealth abroad, plus gold and foreign currency at home, could hardly do much more than keep her supplied with fats.

Owing to its lack of finances, the Reich is already beginning to put tremendous pressure on the smaller neutral nations of Europe, especially in the southeast; and since Germany cannot pay cash for what she needs, she may be driven to employ every species of threat, up to and including military occupation, to force the neutral nations to deliver—an ironic feature of this situation being that Britain's blockade may indirectly have the effect of accelerating Germany's advance into southeastern Europe.

It is evident that Germany's food and raw-material problems are closely related to her financial difficulties. In the first few years of the first World War, food ship-

ments to Germany from neutral countries were so substantial that it was not necessary to issue ration cards for bread, meat, and fats until 1916. Now food is being rationed in Germany at the outset of the war. Just before Hitler moved against Austria a council of war was held at Berchtesgaden. At this conference General von Fritsch, who recently earned the somewhat peculiar distinction for a modern general of being "killed in action," is reported to have said: "You can finish a war on bread-cards, but you can't begin it that way." Yet that is precisely how Hitler has begun his war.

III

The Reich's deficiencies in raw materials are no less serious. Germany's iron mines are not nearly sufficient for its needs, and her small supply of domestic oil is wholly synthetic. With industry producing at top speed, and the mechanized war consuming ceaselessly, stock piles and storage tanks must soon become exhausted. Hitler announced three years ago that within eighteen months German synthetic oil production would make her independent of foreign sources. But he was dismally mistaken. Dr. Rudolph Eicke, director

of the Reichsbank, has cited figures to show that Germany in 1938 produced exactly 2,700,000 tons of synthetic petroleum, towards a national consumption that year of 7,100,000 tons — in other words, 4,400,000 tons were obtained abroad. Germany thus was able to produce only 40 per cent of her peace-time requirements. As her expected wartime consumption of oil is estimated by experts to be three times as large, it is able to supply domestically only about 15 per cent of its need.

It is said that Rumanian oil may help, but the total Rumanian oil output amounted in recent years to 6,000,000 tons annually. German and Rumanian oil together therefore cover less than half the prospective war needs. War, of course, can be conducted on a limited oil basis, but the German command will be seriously hampered if tanks and planes must always be spared with a view to oil economy. In 1914, Germany possessed the Polish oil fields, but they were of slight value. And if Hitler now, with the consent of his Soviet partner, should receive the entire Polish output, it will give him only 500,000 tons annually.

Some months before launching the war, Hitler declared that the Four Year Plan had solved all the

economic problems of the Reich, which need never again fear a British blockade. Oil statistics tell a different story. They explain why Field Marshal Göring, in a later speech, felt it necessary to emphasize the blessings of an alliance with the Soviet Union. There is no call, however, to exaggerate the potential supplies from this source, even if Stalin were willing to help to the limit, which I do not believe. Stalin is interested that no one in Europe should become too strong — which means he will help Hitler up to a limited point only.

But assuming the Kremlin's readiness to give its all, what are the facts? Average annual Russian oil production in the last three years is 27,000,000 tons. But while oil output rose, it did not rise fast enough to match the growth of internal oil consumption. Soviet agriculture, for instance, demanded more as the number of tractors grew. The result is that oil exports fell off. What needs to be compared is not Russian oil production with German demand, but Russian oil *exports* with German demand. These exports recently were only half of Rumania's exports — and that was before Stalin mobilized his army. Today, with 4,000,000 Red soldiers under arms, Russia's own consumption is much larger

and the need for oil reserves for any eventualities more pressing. Stalin will be unable, even if willing, to cover more than fractionally Hitler's oil requirements. And the same holds true for Russian black metals and foodstuffs. Soviet surpluses in these respects are negligible and internal demands are heavier with mobilization.

Shortly before the war started, German experts analyzed, in the leading German economic periodical, *Der Deutsche Volkswirtz*, the tension of national economy in the World War. They showed that before 1914 the German state appropriated about 12 per cent of the national income for state purposes. In 1915 the state's share rose to 33 per cent, and in the last year of the war to 66 per cent. In England, at the same time, the state had taken 8 per cent of the national income before 1914 and in the last year of the war, 50 per cent.

What are the corresponding conditions today? According to official German figures, *the state in 1938 already was taking 55 per cent of the total income in taxes and loans*. German experts consider an appropriation of two-thirds as a maximum possible in any country, even in wartime. On this basis the German state can enlarge its share of the income *only by 11 per cent*

as the war progresses. In England, on the other hand, the government before the outbreak of war was taking only 33 per cent of the national income — and is therefore able to double the amount for war purposes. These percentages are extremely significant. They mean that the Allies have a longer breath and that their capacity for economic strain will be bigger with every month as against Germany, which is already within only 11 per cent of its maximum economic mobilization.

Let me summarize: It will be a prolonged war. In the matter of war-economy preparation and industrial mobilization Germany has an advantage. In the matter of military training, finances, food resources, and raw stuffs it has even

more serious disadvantages. The longer the war lasts, the more decisive these weaknesses will become and the stronger the Allies will loom in contrast to Germany. Because it will be a long war, we can learn nothing by merely watching the headlines for the latest military events. Germany once before possessed a gigantic section of Europe — Poland and part of the present Russia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, Belgium and a part of France — only to lose the war. Germany today has even less economic reserves than in 1914. The outcome of the war will therefore depend ultimately on whether the Western Powers will be able to survive the war of nerves and political maneuvering until Germany's economic weaknesses develop.



TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

The shortage of certain consumers' goods in the Soviet Union is caused primarily by the need for certain industrial equipment which we must import from abroad. Only traitors and disrupters would object to the occasional inconvenience which such a procedure causes.

— Moscow *Izvestia*.

To use our foreign exchange for food-stuffs would be unsocial and anti-national, as it would cut down the importation of vitally necessary raw materials and would condemn thousands of our Volkgenossen to unemployment.

— Berlin *Völkischer Beobachter*.

SENATOR REYNOLDS SAVES AMERICA

BY ULRIC BELL

ONCE they called him the Tarheel Toreador. That was when Robert Rice Reynolds still amused the United States Senate as an exemplar of hillbilly tomfoolery, when he still had a lilt to him. He performed then as the shameless politico, filling the Senate record with turgid pages on his favorite subjects — himself, his travels, his slickness. His colleagues just put him down as a wayside Barnum with a dash of Wallingford and a few of the feathers of Donald Duck — perhaps a Jeeter Lester who could read and write and exhort in the fashion approved in his native habitat. When he was photographed in the act of kissing the late Jean Harlow a touch of Don Juan was added. Nimble with the nimbleness of the song-and-dance man that he actually was once “Our Bob,” as he lovingly calls himself, was just “his own admiring echo.”

But the echo finally got him. It hardened the smile and developed the solemn mien and gleaming eye of the man with a mission. The metamorphosis is pretty recent,

but the momentum of self-righteous infallibility carried him quickly to the position of the country's most voluble, and in some ways most ambitious, merchant of menace. Not the tenets he professes — they're mildewed leavings of ancient “nativism” and rough chips off the KKK block — but the exceeding noise he makes puts him in the forefront of the day's demagogues. He is the *Duce* of the Senate harangues.

Precious hours of the nation's time have been used by Reynolds in the Senate to prove that his heart is “big enough to engulf the world” and that the last thing he wants to be is a hawker of hatred. There's reason for suspecting that he means it, too. But despite his loud protestations, the country is beginning to think of him vaguely as a fascist. The thought shows up in bitter editorial comments in his own hometown papers, the way his name is linked with other self-appointed American saviors, the way his newly-hatched organization, The Vindicators, has decked itself

in the traditional trimmings of patrioteering groups which plan to make some part of the American population a scapegoat for all our economic and social ills.

If, as he laments, Reynolds is unjustly treated in being linked with the fascist-minded gentry, the fault is his. His shelves are stocked not only with vast quantities of pure hogwash, but with most of the hates and prejudices current in America today; and in an ideological way he has formed a sort of united front with other such merchants of menace. His speeches, and the columns of his recently launched paper, *The American Vindicator*, are filled with wares standard in the emporia of a Huey Long or Mitchell Palmer, or even Hiram Evans: on the one hand, an assortment of popular prejudices against all fur-
riners, on the other a full line of God-and-country zeal.

Behind the solemn visage and the glowing eyeballs is a head buzzing with a dream of welding together "the real genuine American people," as he puts it. Only last April his paper announced that

Americans as a whole have risen in all their might and are assembling en masse in inauguration of a nationwide movement under the banner of *The Vindicators* . . . The bugle-call for the assemblage of the patriots of America has sounded.

Our Bob had discovered, like others before him, that any dolt could find enough oafs to respond to the clarion generalization: "I am for the Americans." He raised the true but demagogic cry "Our Country — Our Citizens First," draped himself in Old Glory, concocted a fantastic hocus-pocus of banners, badges, and patrols — in short, he dusted off all the standard tricks of patrioteering.

There is no need to inflate Reynolds into a first-rate or even second-rate menace. He may be classed, more justly, as a plain unvarnished nuisance. In relation to these disjointed times he is a symptom rather than a disease. His organization of Vindicators failed to jell as the overnight surge of unadulterated higher patriotism that was to lift him to glory. His off-key bugle-call failed to bring that "assembling en masse." But the gentleman from North Carolina is still a Senator, with five years to go. Whatever he visions as the goal of the mess of emotions he would marshal, he still talks and votes in the Senate and has access as a statesman to the air and the forums of the land. These advantages, unrelated to his specific tenets or talents, make him a candidate, at least, for fñhrership in a future time of stress.

There is something about the United States Senate that does things to a man, anyhow. Take a normal individual who is kind to his wife, pays his bills, is an Elk in good standing, and goes for drink only on Saturday nights, put him in the Senate, and in a few months he is likely to sprout a strut, converse in platitudes, and wander in his gaze. He begins to awe himself. The Senate did these things to Reynolds, it would appear, to a pathological degree. It is one of the penalties of the free American representative system that it beckons to the public payrolls such practitioners of catch-as-catch-can statesmanship. Every so often it heaves up a Kingfish or a Heflin or a Tom Watson. Now it is Babbling Bob Reynolds. Having created a "mass movement of Americans" by the simple device of announcing it, having placed himself at its head without invitation, Bob now stands squarely across the path of *"the million of foreigners who are about to begin the rape of this country."* Which dire phrase is from *The American Vindicator*.

II

From medicineman to the Senate is a long jump. Bob, after leaving home at the age of 12, was a barker

for a carnival, a skating-rink proprietor, a vaudeville performer, and many other things during his subsequent wanderings. He managed to get a law degree at the University of North Carolina, which led him into politics. His first office was that of district prosecutor, which he won after a merry campaign astride a decrepit horse.

He missed when he ran for lieutenant governor in 1924 and again when he tried for the Senate in 1926. The Piedmont folks couldn't quite see him yet as a state-wide figure, but the roaming Reynolds, handsome and engaging, hadn't yet developed his full technique. The New Deal year of 1932 saw that technique bloom. When he set out to win the nomination from Cameron Morrison, he studied the outlook with care. Morrison was a plain soul who had married a tobacco heiress and lived in a mansion approached through gates topped with brass orbs. He also rode in a Rolls-Royce, in the floor of which his wife had installed a brass cuspidor.

When the campaign started, Reynolds got a ramshackle Ford and trailed Cam's Rolls around the state. Arriving at a meeting place, he would address most of his remarks to the Ford or give his hearers make-believe quotations

from his Lizzie, most of which dealt with how Cam looked in his big limousine with a golden spittoon beside him; how he flourished on such things as caviar in the big house back of the "golden gates"; how the plain people needed a Senator who would go among them in the flesh to find and banish their troubles. Never a word about aliens then. The onslaughts upon Senatorial aloofness, baronial splendor, and above all "fish eggs" proved just what was needed. Repeal was on its way then, and Bob eased into that as well. He was nominated and elected by the biggest majority to date, and re-elected easily in 1938. After that election he took a trip to Germany and returned to save the country from the impending "rape" by "millions of foreigners."

His state and the national capital know him as a tall, florid, athletic looking fellow in his early fifties. The rest of the country is getting to know his Southern accent, which is as thick as a *Congressional Record* on one of his garrulous days. When the Washington Merry-Go-Rounders last winter called Reynolds the "Tarheel Führer," the Senator was still malingering in his first phase — that of the rollicking fellow who could make the Senate laugh and just wanted attention. His remarks

on that occasion were still in the old manner. Speaking of the newspapers, he said:

Whether it is good or bad, I want them to say something [about me], because when they quit talking about you, you are a dead one.

This devil-may-care air was no more when, some months later, he had occasion to lambaste the same columnists. Gone was the carefree hail-fellow Reynolds; a flailing fury was in his place. No longer was he pleased with publicity "good or bad." Eyes and face flaming, he now offered his life for The Cause, shouting:

... Regardless of any attacks upon me, the only way anyone will ever make me shut my mouth in my endeavor to do what I think is my duty is to shoot me. They cannot frame me and jail me because I can say with a great deal of happiness that if they were to do so there would be thousands of real, full-blooded, honest-to-God Americans there to take me out. The only way they can stop me from talking in the interests of all the people of America, in my humble, feeble endeavor to keep from being led into foreign entanglements and again into war — the only way they can keep the foreign elements abroad from coming here and taking the jobs that should go to our unemployed — and there are now 11,000,000 persons out of employment in the United States — the only way they can shut my mouth and stop me is to shoot me . . .

At another point:

"If I am a traitor, if I am to be hanged, if I am to be damned, if I am to be destroyed for trying to do something I believe to be for the interest of my country, then I am willing to be condemned as a traitor; I am willing to be destroyed.

In a few months Bob had thus developed a fevered missionary zeal and a ripe persecution complex. There are others in the Senate who oppose foreign entanglements, others who disapprove of letting in political and religious refugees, but they do not challenge death or expect to be framed and jailed.

Reynolds edged into the missionary phase of his career in a speech saying that during a trip to Germany he had observed that "unquestionably the Germans have made a tremendous, a phenomenal progress and have done a great deal for their people." He denied that Hitler or Goering had seen him, but admitted "in all fairness," that he had been deeply impressed by the Nazi set-up. Months later, when serious discussion of Reynolds as a masked Adolf got into print as a result of his utterances, his incarnation as America's vindicator really began. Now he was a hurt savior who saw unfriendly newspapermen as threats to the foundations of America represented by the Vindicators. He was the man of destiny

at bay. He did not declaim, as in January: "I love everybody; I do not hate anyone, not a soul upon the face of the earth." Instead he spent a whole afternoon denouncing those who would picture him as anything other than the protector of the nation from "isms," all kinds of isms, Hitler's and Mussolini's included.

III

Reynolds' *Vindicator* includes here and there an item about the Bund, as part of the foreign menace it warns against. Yet Fritz Kuhn and his Bundists contributed some forty of the two-hundred-odd guests at an American Defense Society luncheon in New York where Reynolds, as chief speaker, made a characteristic demand that America heed the "danger within." Kuhn was quoted by the press as saying of Our Bob's speech, "I liked it very well. I would underline everything." Reynolds denies the sympathy for anti-semitic and anti-Catholic propaganda implied by his output, and appeals for supporters "regardless of race, creed, or politics." But when his *American Vindicator* comes down to the point (in the April number) it is with the declaration: "Let the Protestant people stand as one great army

against the attacks made upon our democracy and Christianity" — a formula straight out of the Ku Klux primer.

This bid for the old Klan following is in evidence throughout the Reynolds record. The fact that two Jewish refugees, husband and wife, found jobs as electrician and hospital nurse in Alexandria, Virginia, is front-page news for *The American Vindicator*. He advances "scientific" proof "that the Jewish people do not become integral parts of American life, except after generations and under pressure." There is a subtle emphasis on Protestant organizations in his Senate insertions. Nevertheless, there is also some obvious flirting with the Coughlinites. The May *Vindicator* played up an account of an appeal to the Pope to stop the "inflammatory" Coughlin addresses, leaving the readers sure it did not think them "inflammatory."

Our Bob's theme is expressed in tireless repetitions of such profound thoughts as "America for Americans . . . America first . . . Crush the enemies of America . . ." He's for all the people, including minorities (except for oblique digs and implications), everybody but "aliens." Let no one call him an enemy of the people. His outbursts in the Senate and elsewhere make it co-

piously clear that he is the defender, almost the lone defender, of the mothers of America, friend of the farmer, champion of the unemployed, solace of the pacifists. So all-embracing is his platform that he would include among his proteges pedestrians, somnambulists, ambidextrists, motorists, acrobats, and even people, provided they were not "aliens."

Last March he cluttered up the *Congressional Record* by inserting a list of one hundred and twenty-five organizations that he described as "100 per cent American patriotic societies which are endeavoring to protect the foundations of our country from destruction by alien groups and foreign isms." Even the Order of Colonial Lords of Manors in America was in the list, along with the Old Glory Club of Flatbush, Inc., Beacon No. 1; the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation; Minute Men of America, Inc.; New England Protestant Action League; Schenectady Committee of 100; Tax Evils Committee of Council Bluffs, Iowa. But mainly the list was made up of "loyal legions," "ladies" and "daughters" and "sons" of this and that, "Paul Reveres," assorted "patriots," and even Mayflower descendants. Indeed, when he put forth his paper, Reynolds wrote on its masthead the

statement that it sought to be a "central connecting link" for all groups and individuals interested in the Vindicators' objectives. A clear clue, if you need it, to his dream.

IV

No mistaking those objectives: keep America out of war, register and fingerprint all aliens, stop all immigration for the next ten years, deport all alien criminals and undesirables, banish all foreign isms. They are displayed alongside the "banner" of the Reynolds Vindicators, which is a coiled rattler on a yellow background with the legend: "Don't tread on me." Our Bob informs the world that he debated with himself long before he settled on this astonishing design. Why he borrowed the serpent from the late John Paul Jones for his hocus-pocus is explained by the cryptic sentence: "Slow to get aroused are the American people and just as slow are they to calm down."

Whenever fifty of them are aroused enough to subscribe to Bob's sheet, they get one of the banners, rattler and all, as a Vindicator "unit." Individuals, who may subscribe at \$1 a head, get a lapel button inscribed with a big "V" in any case. And the magazine there-

after reminds all super-patriots that "the pillars upon which American Democracy rests are Liberty, Freedom and Christianity." In the same paragraph it declares that the "cornerstones of Communism, Fascism and Naziism are racial, religious, class hatreds and bigotry." A later issue got around to marshaling the youngsters in what he calls the "Border Patrol." Any lad from 10 to 18 can hand Bob \$2 for two subscriptions and receive a badge showing that he is the budding equivalent of an American Storm Trooper, and has among other things the chance to win \$25 for catching "alien" crooks. Crime, according to the Reynolds philosophy, is a foreign importation.

Obviously those who would call him a fascist or Nazi haven't a quotable leg to stand on. The nature of the phenomenon called Reynolds is not so much manifest in separate planks of his patched platform, as in the quality of his whole attack — eternal demagogic flag-waving, shrill invective against aliens, appeals to "genuine" Americans, hysterics about foreign hordes about to rape the land, insistence that criminality is somehow an "alien" thing that can be deported, the fact that Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* is so frequently the source of Bob's in-

spiration, the fact that German correspondents and diplomats faithfully report to Berlin all his anti-alien tirades. Run-of-the-mill Americans with average patriotic blood-pressure cannot help feeling, as they read or hear his effusions, that his movement is of the breed which sunders a nation into "genuine" and non-genuine, "full-blooded" and tainted Americans. For all his self-righteous patriotism, the emphasis in his speeches and his paper is not so much on love of country as on hatred of aliens, and hatred of those who demonstrate their love in ways other than those prescribed by The Great Vindicator.

Despite the New Deal label under which he returned to the Senate last year, his vote, as much as that of any other of a dozen Senators, could have kept the Foreign Relations Committee from bottling up neutrality legislation. Under the same circumstances, months before, he swerved the Senate tide to the group bent on cutting Relief deficiency funds when there was a crucial one-vote margin. His incessant hammering at the alien did most to block the measure for admitting 20,000 refugee children to this country. Endlessly he shouted

against aliens and isms, while better men struggled with problems more realistic than "alien hordes." His man-of-destiny urge sometimes impelled him to fling at his supposedly sane colleagues a conundrum such as this: "Are we for Americans, or are we for those who live beyond the lucid blue water of the Atlantic or the briny waves of the Pacific?" No matter where Bob starts he is bound to wind up on America for Americans; the multiplicity of all problems and all tasks has been reduced in his hectic condition to one idea.

The Taj Mahal of the Vindicators is an old three-story brick house at the corner of East Capitol and Second streets. The "little house" mentioned often in the Senator's speeches is Bob's pride, his GHQ for the grand *putsch* that somehow so far has missed the grandeur and the scale that were visualized at the start. As he waits, more and more bitterness creeps into his harangues. He cries his wares more hysterically. . . . But the fact that a Reynolds can happen at all is a signal example of the chances we must accept for the sake of democracy — and of how readily a Solon's toga can lead some men to compete with God.



LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT

There was tragic confusion in the camp of communists and their fellow-travelers after the signing of the Nazi-Bolshevik pacts. It became more confounded when the Red Army invaded Poland and proceeded to share the spoils with Hitler.

The following quotations came *before* the invasion and are offered for the annals of political pathology:

There is nothing in the Soviet-German Pact of Non-Aggression that hinders Poland from receiving all the help she has agreed to receive from the Soviet Union.

— Earl Browder, August 29.

We stand for full moral, diplomatic, and economic help for the Polish people and those who help Poland defend its national independence.

— National Committee of American Communist Party, September 4.

At the twelfth hour, appeasement maneuvers have become shameful encouragement for German fascism viciously to invade Poland.

— *Daily Worker*, September 5.

The pact between the Soviet Union and the German people is a mighty force for peace.

— *Pravda*, September 3.

This Russian neutrality has been subjected to interpretations of three kinds. The first is a purely cynical explanation,

by which Hitler and Stalin — represented as two despots with a map to play with — agree on a division of empire. . . . In this interpretation we have a kind of childish reminiscence of the partition of Poland in the eighteenth century. . . . So far I have not seen the slightest evidence to support such a view.

— Vincent Sheean, in the *New Masses*, September 19.

Poland needs aid at once! The Allies should bombard the principal industrial centers of Western Germany. . . . Why isn't this happening? Why, in turn, do Germans refrain from aerial bombardments over France? Is there, perhaps, some tacit agreement that may bode ill for Poland?

— Major Allen Johnson, in the *New Masses*, September 19.

Thus the political and military comrades emphasized their certainty that Moscow was acting in behalf of peace — and in behalf of the menaced Poland. Citations from their press and speeches could be multiplied.

The Russians have no illusions about the international immorality of fascism. They regard the fascist governments without qualification as the only possible enemy.

— Charles Trevelyan, in letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, August 18.

Question: Therefore, if Germany attacks Poland am I to assume that Soviet Russia will help Poland?

Browder: Yes, of course. Provided, of course that Poland wants it.

— Press conference with Earl Browder, August 24.

The self-assured wisdom of Messrs. Browder, Sheean, and the others must be matched against the headlines, from RUSSIA HINTS ANNEXATION OF POLISH PROVINCES ON September 14 to RUSSIA OBTAINS HALF OF POLAND ON September 22. The *Daily Worker* on September 18 hailed the Red Army invasion thus:

Truly the Soviet Union has scored another triumph for human freedom — destined for the brightest page in human

history. It is in accordance with her steadfast unshakable peace policy and with her policy of neutrality.

A columnist of the same paper, Michael Gold, indited this immortal line in connection with the Kremlin's taking ways:

I am a little hoarse and weary from answering questions.

And Prof. Granville Hicks, formerly of Harvard; one of the editors of the *New Masses*, according to press reports withdrew from the staff of the publication on the ground of "confusion." Of which there can be little doubt.



It is in the sewage now being dispensed for four consecutive days by the despised and dubious Gitlow, flung out of the working class movement a decade ago, that the Dies Committee found exactly what it was looking for. To this sinister character the nation's press has given a wide-open forum.

* * *

It is precisely such attacks as those leveled at our party by the Dies Committee and its disreputable crew of stool pigeons, renegades and finks, which makes honest progressives want to find out what the Communist Party stands for.

— *Daily Worker*, September 13 and 15.

The hearings before the Dies Committee pertaining to supposed Nazi or Fascist activities have been uniformly conducted in an atmosphere of hostility, prejudice and bravado on the part of certain committee members, including Chairman Dies. . . .

* * *

Miss Helen Vooros who testified against her former comrades of the Bund before Martin Dies' Committee last week is half Greek and half German . . . obviously the two blood currents in her veins do not harmonize, Greece having cast her lot with the Western democracies against Hitler.

— *Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter*, August 24.



To please those capitalists, Thomas Mann has shown himself as an obedient servant of American Fascism.

— *Runa Information Service*, communist agency in Zurich.

Foreigners such as Thomas Mann have recently been urging America to take the lead in a murderous "Holy War" against Germany.

— *Social Justice*, July 3.

THE FARMER AND THE NEW DEAL

BY OWEN P. WHITE

IN FEBRUARY of last year the cheerful word went forth from Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, to the farmers that they were about to be saved. The farmers emitted no cheers. They had heard that one before — a good many times. But this time, according to the benign Henry, salvation would take. It was bound to, because under the new Triple A for 1938 all that the farmers had to do to assure themselves of a profit was to obey orders as to what and how much to plant, then march right up to the Federal Treasury and receive three kinds of payments: (1) soil conservation payments; (2) parity payments designed to equalize current prices with pre-World War prices; and (3) loans to enable them to store surpluses against lean years when prices would be high.

Under this set-up how could the farmers lose? They couldn't. Agriculture was at last on an equality with industry. More than that, it was insured by the Federal Government against loss, which industry never had been. Yet,

when the year's harvests were in, where were the profits? There were none. With cotton dropping to an all-time low, and with wheat and corn down to the 1931-33 level, the total 1938 income of American farmers, sweetened by approximately \$800,000,000 from the U. S. Treasury, was \$1,100,000,000 less than for the preceding year. After five years of struggle under the New Deal, climaxed by one full-crop year under a law which Secretary Wallace described to this writer as the most constructive piece of farm legislation ever enacted anywhere, the immediate condition of American farmers was no better than it was in 1933.

The New Deal, of course, didn't create the farm problem. It inherited it in the middle of a crisis, and at a time when the outlook for American agriculture was almost hopeless. Because of bad world conditions — made worse by the nonsensical efforts of the Hoover administration to control world commodity prices by pegging them at high levels on the exchanges

as well as by buying up surpluses — American farmers since the World War had suffered a loss of at least 60 per cent of their world business. This loss, especially to Southern cotton farmers, represented the difference between absolute want and comparative plenty; hence, on the surface, it would seem that the primary policy of the New Deal should have been to recapture the export trade. Unfortunately along with the problem of finding markets for current farm produce Mr. Wallace fell heir to the problem of finding a market for about 11,000,000 bales of Federal-owned cotton, and many million bushels of Federal-owned grain, accumulated by the Federal Farm Board with taxpayers' money. Which put Mr. Wallace on a very tough spot. Virtually, he was a competitor of his own farmers; if he dumped his huge holdings, prices would instantly drop to ruinous levels, but if production continued at a normal rate and he held his stocks, thereby keeping the visible supply far ahead of the world demand, prices could not possibly rise to profitable heights.

Out of this dilemma, then, grew the New Deal policy of stabilizing agricultural prices through a regulated system of crop control. If production could be controlled, every-

thing would be lovely. If the farmers could be *compelled* to co-operate by curtailing acreages to hold production down approximately to domestic consumption, two things would automatically result: first, the farmers would make money; second, the New Deal would be able to work off on the world market the pesky surpluses inherited from its predecessor.

On paper this plan for raising prices by lowering production looked like a grand scheme. It's what a textile or shoe manufacturer does when supply exceeds demand. Down in the dirt though, when the farmers went to work on the New Deal's first Agricultural Adjustment Act, or Triple A, it quickly developed into a grand flop. When American farmers saw that they could make easy money by first co-operating with Mr. Wallace in curtailing acreage, and then double-crossing him by raising more stuff on 60 per cent of their land than they had previously raised on all of it, they stepped right out and did just that.

Especially down in the cotton belt, where this period was known as the New Deal Santa Claus era, did this method of nullifying crop control blossom forth. "Why, sure," said the big plantation owners whose acreage curtailment pay-

ments from the Government ran in some instances to as much as \$30,000 and \$40,000. "Sure we'll co-operate. We'd be damn fools not to. For not raising cotton on 40 per cent of our land we get more out of the Treasury than we'd get out of the cotton. And then on the rest of it — well, that's where the Government gets stuck. Mr. Wallace thinks that cotton grows on acres. It doesn't. It grows on cotton stalks, and so this year all we plan to do is raise more stalks on part of our land than we ever before raised on all of it." And they did, practically all of them. While Uncle Sam was paying them, as landowners, hundreds of millions for not farming part of their land, tens of thousands of sharecropper and tenant families, who had worked on the abandoned acres, were thrown out of employment, out of their homes even, and had to go on Relief. The cotton crop, however, was not only much larger than for the preceding year, but also far in excess of domestic demand. Up went the surplus, and down went the price.

II

Face to face with the failure of its crop-control plan just where it needed it most, the New Deal at-

tempted to remedy the situation by pulling from the hat that remarkable gadget known as the Bankhead Act. This law, which Secretary Wallace opposed but President Roosevelt approved, was something new in this democracy. It set individual production quotas for all cotton farmers, placed a penalizing tax of 50 per cent of its value on all overproduction, and made evasion of the tax a criminal offense. This legal horror didn't last long; it couldn't. For example, under it if a sharecropper with a four-bale quota happened to raise five bales, he couldn't sell his fifth bale without paying a tax of half its value, or at parity price \$37.50. If he tried to bootleg the product of his own labor he became a felon. The poorest class of people in the United States, the Southern sharecroppers, thus became the most heavily taxed. Happily the Bankhead Act was destroyed by the Supreme Court.

With the control features of the first Triple A knocked over, a new law was concocted. An utterly complacent Congress, not forty of whose members even bothered to "read the damn thing," adopted the Farm Bill which is now on the books. In 62,000 words of intricate, almost incomprehensible language, this extraordinary omnibus meas-

ure provides for crop insurance, soil conservation, benefit payments of several kinds, and loans on surpluses. The obvious motive of the whole thing is continued crop reduction which, linked with the ideal concept of an ever-normal granary filled with commodities upon which the Government will have loaned literally billions of dollars, works as follows: when the supply of basic commodities outstrips an arbitrary normal, fixed annually by an edict, severe marketing quotas are allotted — unless one-third of the farmers rebel — and heavy penalties are applied to their enforcement.

Since its enactment, this bill has raised cries of "dictatorship" and "regimentation." Be that as it may, the law does carry the theory of government control of production farther than it has ever been carried in America. Moreover, it does this on a camouflaged basis. Under the previous law, declared unconstitutional, the farmers were frankly told that in order to *raise prices* they would have to abandon acres for which they would be well paid. The new act, though its primary motive is still to raise prices, tells them that they must curtail production in order to conserve soil fertility for which they will again be well paid. Since the farmers thus continue to

enjoy free access to the Treasury, the prevailing belief among the New Dealers is that they ought to be really contented.

But what about the rest of us? As taxpayers where do those of us who are not farmers get off? Behind the answer lies an interesting illustration of how political expediency can change a statesman's economic opinions. When Secretary Wallace first went to the farmers with the plan to curtail acreages, he told them that they would be the first to regret the day when they could get money from the Treasury upon which there would be no return. For that reason the money that went from the Treasury to the farmers was returnable to the Treasury, it will be recalled, in the form of processing taxes. Under the new law, which depends for its constitutionality solely upon the unlitigated concept that top soil is a natural resource and hence subject to Federal conservation, not one thin dime of the several hundred million dollars that will go out annually to farmers in soil conservation checks is returnable in any way. A few years ago that situation would have thoroughly shocked as old-fashioned an economist as Secretary Wallace then was. By this time, however, Mr. Wallace seems thoroughly to approve of

distributing Federal cash with a scoop shovel.

I live in Suffolk County, Long Island, where the potatoes come from. As far as the eye can reach one sees two things: potatoes and prosperity. The farmers of Suffolk County have never known a depression. For a hundred and fifty years it has been their pride to keep their land, which is not exceptionally fertile, in good, clean condition. A couple of years ago, when they all began to receive unsolicited soil conservation checks from Washington, they just laughed, blew in the money, and made no change whatever in their methods of farming. A neighbor of mine, for example, who is a fourth-generation farmer on acres that his great-grandfather worked way back yonder in Revolutionary days, said to me: "As far as several thousand Suffolk County farmers are concerned this is all damn nonsense. Good farmers always have been soil conservationists. If they are not they don't last long, and so all I can make out of this thing is that although the New Deal can't make good farmers out of bad ones by giving them something for nothing, it may make them over into Roosevelt Democrats."

A harsh saying, but one that must be faced. All reasonable per-

sons, farmers or otherwise, are in favor of soil conservation. As a magical phrase to justify to the public the expenditure of vast sums of money, it is useful. The soil conservation service, which at the beginning of the New Deal era was operated by the Department of the Interior with visibly splendid results at about one-tenth its present cost, was suddenly transferred to the Department of Agriculture which now pays millions of efficient farmers hundreds of millions of dollars for lending their support to a plan that most of the farmers are firmly convinced will never be successful.

In support of this conviction the farmers advance some pretty sound arguments. The most persuasive is that after four years of political price control under Mr. Hoover, followed by seven years of the same thing under another name under Mr. Roosevelt, they are no better off than they were in the beginning. After two administrations have squandered in excess of \$2,000,000,000 on southern cotton farmers, for instance, the condition of the overwhelming majority of them is actually worse today than it was when the spending began. Any intelligent Southern farmer will instantly point out that there are two reasons for this, both of

which are ignored in the present edition of the New Deal farm bill.

III

The first of these reasons is that the net result of every political effort to extend aid to cotton growers has showered the big plantation operators and land-owners with profits, while the tenants and sharecroppers, who produce 80 per cent of the South's cotton and make up 90 per cent of its farm population, have reaped only additional misery. How that worked during the New Deal Santa Claus era, by enriching land-owners and throwing tenants out of their homes, has already been indicated. Here, though, is an illustration of how it is working today:

Through one of its numerous agencies the New Deal provides direct aid to tenants and sharecroppers by furnishing them with seed, animals, implements, and fertilizer. But what benefit do these people get out of it? Substantially none, because no sooner do they begin to show signs of an increased prosperity than down upon them swoop their landlords demanding increased rent. They get it. They get it in every farming area in the United States. Tenant farmers are proverbially without political in-

fluence, whereas land-owning farmers, whose lobby is perhaps the strongest in Washington, have plenty of it.

It seems clear that before agriculture can be placed upon an equality with industry it must be placed upon an equality with itself by the adoption of some scheme that will give the little fellow at the bottom something like an even break with the big fellow at the top. In the present farm bill the only effort in that direction is on the ludicrous side. Soil conservation payments to the big fellows, some of whom under acreage reduction drew down as much as \$40,000, are now limited to a mere trifle of \$10,000, which is pretty hard on them, for doing practically nothing. The government, however, makes up for the hardship that it has visited upon the rich by being extravagantly generous to the poor: in case the soil conservation payment due a poor man does not exceed \$20, it is charitably increased for him by an arbitrary addition of 40 per cent which makes his check, that he has worked for, come to \$28.

The second factor which politicians ignore, but which certainly adds tremendously to the difficulty of finding any permanent solution to the farm problem is mechaniza-

tion. The extent to which this is going on, and the rapidity with which it destroys the stability of farm life and causes shifts in farm population has not been generally recognized. Take the case of tractors. In the three years preceding the adoption of the 1938 Farm Act the land-owning farmers of the United States bought 565,972 of these contraptions and each one, if efficiently operated, is practically guaranteed to replace from three to five farm families. In Texas, for example, although the cultivated acreage for the period showed no marked decrease, there were 20,000 fewer individually operated farms on January 1, 1938 than on January 1, 1937. Tractors did that. Add these 20,000 ousted families to those rendered homeless by machinery, plus New Deal crop reduction, in previous years and we find that, at precisely the moment when Marvin Jones of Texas was writing the present bill to stabilize agriculture, the WPA down in his own State was working overtime trying to find ways and means to care for 76,000 itinerant farm families.

This condition prevails throughout the country. In 1937, according to Federal Trade Commission reports, the manufacturers of farm implements sold more farm ma-

chinery than ever before in their history, and, incidentally, made more money out of it. It was their banner year, and therefore also the banner year for the displacement of farm tenants. To make way for potato diggers, beet harvesters, wheat combines, and all kinds of gasoline-powered, multiple-row, cultivating machines, hundreds of thousands of farm tenants were forced to leave their farms. Many of them have gone to town and become common laborers, or added their names to the Relief rolls. But enough still remain in the farming areas, as an available surplus of farm tenants, to give the landlords another excuse for raising rents. And they've done it. In districts where straight crop-share systems formerly prevailed tenants are now forced to pay cash rents and privilege rents of various kinds. Pasture land, formerly free to tenants almost everywhere, now rents frequently for a dollar an acre, and in some sections tenants are actually being charged cash rent for their miserable dwellings in addition to rent for their land.¹

Thus the outlook for the success of the New Deal Farm program was not bright — when the war came

¹The author is indebted to C. Horace Hamilton, of the A. & M. College of Texas, for material on mechanization of farming.

along and changed the picture in some respects.

Rapid mechanization in recent years, accelerated by compulsory crop reduction, has had a disastrous effect upon the stability of American farm life. Price fixing, even though it be combined with a miraculous orderly flow of farm products to market, and an ever-normal granary, will never solve the major problem — simply because prices and markets are less important to small farmers than permanence and stability.

Americans like to farm, despite the economic handicaps of the calling, because they have always looked upon it as a "way of life" rather than a business. They considered it a "way" that made its practitioners independent and secure, even if never rich. Today, as they buy machines and collect unearned checks, they develop serious doubts about that independence and that security. Once the farm family was an institution that on its own social level provided for its own social needs, such as education, care of the ill and aged, without the aid of elaborate organization and staggering expense. It probably is nobody's direct fault, and it may well be that the old social system is outmoded. But it does raise the ques-

tion — and even farmers who benefit from threefold payments are raising it — whether the solution of the problem lies in continued political control or in gradual release from it.

Many farmers, including big ones who walk away from the Treasury year after year with their pockets stuffed with unearned banknotes, answer the question by insisting that for sheer reliability in controlling production and thereby regulating prices at home and abroad, acts of God are better than acts of legislators. In many referendums, the farmers, wisely or otherwise, have emphatically rejected the establishment of marketing quotas. They did this despite the fact that they have thus forfeited the privilege of securing loans on their surpluses which they would then, supposedly, store away in the theoretical ever-normal granary. It is thus perhaps safe to say that the majority of intelligent American farmers have already gone on record as opposing the basic idea of the whole New Deal farm plan.

Government price fixing, they claim, whether by Hoover pegging or Roosevelt crop reduction, should only be used in dire emergencies and then abandoned as quickly as possible. In fact many of them say that most of their present trouble

would have been averted if the New Deal at the outset had given up all idea of control and allowed them to make their own fight to regain their lost world markets. They say this because they know from bitter experience that foreign buyers will not spend their money in the American commodity market so long as that market, instead of being openly competitive, is rigged against them by governmental control. For a good many years therefore quite a number of our most eminent desk farmers, including Bernard Baruch and Gen. Hugh Johnson, have been advocating a scheme allowing the farmer to produce all of everything he wants to, but with the understanding that he must take his own chances in disposing of his *surplus* on the world market.

Under this arrangement no export subsidy would be given him, so if he loses money on his foreign trade that will be his own business. In the domestic market fair, parity prices — \$1 a bushel for wheat, for example — would be established on the assumption that American consumers will not kick about it. Whereas they will kick, as they are doing right now, at the thought that they are being taxed to enable German, Japanese, and British consumers to buy American farm

products cheaper than they can buy them themselves. Can such a plan be worked out? No one knows. Although, being human, they would like to continue receiving gratuities from the Federal Treasury, this plan would please the majority of intelligent American farmers simply because it would shift the burden of their responsibility from the shoulders of the politicians back to their own, where they say it really belongs.

The New Deal is most unlikely to agree to any such shift. In carrying out its farm policies it has built up one of the most powerful and widely-tentacled political organizations in American history and in the nature of things such an organization does not let go. Then there is another compelling reason for continuance of present policy. The New Deal plan for crop control, as we have seen, arose from the necessity to dispose of huge surpluses. Today those surpluses are larger even than they were in 1933, and therefore, being still a commodity merchant in competition with its own farmers, the government must continue to insist that they curtail production. That they do so in the name of soil conservation rather than in that of price fixing is important only because the former is a phrase that arouses

the enthusiasm of the taxpayers, whereas the latter makes them mad.

And then the war came. We knew it was coming and we also knew that when it arrived we would be called upon to feed some of the belligerents. But would we be called upon to pay Europe's wartime prices for our own food stuffs? We have hoped not, and yet as there isn't a single line in the New Deal Farm Bill to protect us against inflation, we will probably do so. We are already doing so. On the twenty-second day of the war, farm prices in Chicago, looking over the entire commodity list, were from 4 to 55 per cent higher than at its outset. On the next day, the farmers of seven mid-West farming states, represented by their Governors, made the demand that there be no government control over farm prices unless similar control is established over industry.

That demand places Mr. Wallace on a bad spot. Compulsory price control of farm products, or production control either, seems to be unconstitutional, and so what can he do about it?

So far there has been no answer. It is too early to expect one perhaps, and yet if we are to avoid the economic disasters of the last World War the sooner we begin to solve the problems of the present one the better off we'll be. The last war led to a terrific over-expansion of farming, exorbitant prices, high land values, the creation of the dust bowl, the organization of the Federal Farm Board, and finally to a total collapse from which agriculture has not yet recovered. Can this new war cure that collapse without taking agriculture into the tailspin of another one? The farmers themselves, with the aid of the Government, are the only ones who can reply.



PHILOSOPHER

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

HE built a gaudy citadel
In the pride and strength of youth,
Only to find at last he dwelt
In the suburbs of the Truth.

► *The airwaves are guarded
against syncopated sin.*

YOU CAN'T SING THAT!

BY DICK DORRANCE AND JO RANSON

ON THE time-honored assumption that the public isn't old enough to look after its own morals, radio broadcasters have set up intricate machinery for looking after those delicate appurtenances. Popular melodies, for instance, are carefully inspected for moral turpitude, cleaned up for the airwaves, and often outlawed altogether. More frequently than the listener realizes, the lyrics of songs to which he dances at home have been amended or completely rewritten before given the right of the airwaves. Smart music publishers, indeed, have learned that it pays to have two versions of current song hits on tap — one for the radio and the other for taking straight.

Glance, if you will, at that classic from George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* — the rumbling lines of *It Ain't Necessarily So* uttered by many a booming baritone. "I takes that Gospel whenever it's poss'ble" runs the stage score, but for fear of blasphemous overtones the line emerges from the radio as "I takes that fable whenever I'm able."

Even the plain statement about "the things that you're li'ble to read in the Bible" does a neat half-gavotte and comes out haloed up as "the things that the preacher is li'ble to teach yer." One of the major furor-makers in recent years, now banned by all three national networks, is a little ditty yclept *The Weekend of a Private Secretary*, words and insinuations whereof were considered too candid for radio audiences. It subsequently reached the airwaves with a different set of lyrics.

There was that widely-played number *Get Out of Town*, from the gifted pen of Cole Porter. Part of the lyric sighs romantically that "when you are near, close to me dear, we touch too much . . ." This sailed the airwaves for some time unmolested. Then came disapproval. Nervous radio officials requested that a microphone version be readied, and the offending line was reformed to read: "When you are near, close to me dear, the spell's too much." Similarly, a few years back, hell broke loose

when Maurice Chevalier, in eulogizing "Mimi's" charms, remarked: "I'd like to have a boy with you, by and by." A less Parisian radio edition was quickly provided: "I'd like to make love, with you, by and by." Nobody objected.

A few current taboos from the "No, no!" list of one major network are enlightening. Numbers which may not be performed vocally include *She Lived Next Door to the Firehouse*; *Horsie, Keep Your Tail Up*; *Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean*; *Don't Never Do That*; *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead*; *You Rascal You*; *You've Got That Thing*; *Nobody Makes a Pass at Me*; and *Religion Ain't Nothin' to Play With*. The classic *Bei Mir Bist du Schoen* is permissible, provided the original Yiddish version is not sung — which ought to stimulate curiosity about the original!

A little number titled *I Get a Kick Out of You* embodies the profound thought: "I get no kick from cocaine." Cocaine, being a drug, is unmentionable, and the line was metamorphosed to read "perfume from Spain." Remember a tune called *Billy*? It has a line which brazenly confesses — "and when I sleep I always dream of Billy." This assortment of words seemed to set people thinking, so radio rushed into the moral gap

and revamped it thus: "I want you to know I love him so . . . I always think of Bill."

Even *Paradise* gave a bit of trouble. This number runs "and then I hold your hand" — followed by a span of contented humming. It was the humming that upset broadcasters. If it couldn't be put in words, they figured, then it must be indecent. The humming was suspended.

II

One of the most discussed, and least understood, lyrics of the year was the collection of moronic syllables titled *Hold Tight*. Nobody knows exactly what they mean, but everyone suspects they're naughty, and they may be right. The networks admit they haven't the remotest notion what *Hold Tight* is about, but insisted on a few alterations just to be on the safe side. Harlemites, it was pointed out, roll their eyes and laugh softly to indicate that maybe the fishy lyrics pack a double meaning. Among other songs your mother never taught you is a little number called *Love For Sale*. That, of course, is hushed off the air. The sprightly Labor Stage production *Pins and Needles* provided two unsingables in *One Big Union* for

Two and Sing Me a Song of Social Significance.

Those evergreen lyrics of Frankie and Johnny's adventures, familiar to anyone who's been around, are not considered airworthy. Even current creations such as *Shoot the Likker to Me, John Boy* have to be handled with a certain amount of kid-gloving. The word "likker" sounds like something you serve a chaser with, although ironically enough it's a musical synonym for a jam session "hot-lick" rather than alcohol. *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* may be cooed lyrically by young ladies, but gentlemen singers are not permitted to offer it. *Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Bed* was amended to *Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep*.

Sexy or immoral implications are not the only cause for a radio ban. Liquor, tipsiness, or just plain social drinking is taboo. Even the poor *Beer Barrel Polka* was amputated for a time by NBC and CBS to *Barrel Polka*. *Gin Mill Blues* is out. Another recent hit, *The Tinkle Song*, met furrowed brows because it hints that "another little drink won't do us any harm." To students of folk music, aware of the contributions to melody made by drinking songs, this seems about as natural as a kangaroo in a hoopskirt.

Hell being unmentionable in polite microphone society, even the modern classics sometimes bring trouble. A case in point is the line in *Song of the Vagabonds* which exclaims "And to Hell with Burgundy." Also, baritones who sing *I Got Plenty of Nothin'* absolutely must refrain from the philosophic reflection "What the Hell!" which they find in the original score. Dance arrangements of religious tunes are strictly forbidden. Stations have been known to cut network programs which sent them such offerings. A bit of doggerel current among certain broadcasters puts the matter tersely:

You can't use 'God' upon the air,
Unless you speak His name in prayer.

The Virgin Mary, Holy Ghost
Cannot be heard from coast-to-coast.

No matter how a sponsor teases
You must not use the name of Jesus.

But no amount of caution can save broadcasters from attack. No matter what they pass by the microphones, someone detects a double-entendre here or there. Indeed, it has even been suggested by unkind folks that maybe the public is looking for that sort of thing! Someday the censors will probably catch up with *The Star Spangled Banner*. It used to be a drinking song.

MADAME JUMEL: VICE-QUEEN

BY ZELDA POPKIN

YOU can, if you like, admire the silken ladies of pleasure who live in Park Avenue penthouses and mingle in café society. But none of them can hold a candle to Eliza Jumel, first of the Broadway butterflies, and to this day the most successful of American courtesans. She really made good, hoodwinking the historians and leaving a noble family portrait on the walls of an ancestral mansion to charm tourists and elevate the minds of schoolchildren.

The story of Eliza Bowen, who became Madame Jumel, is one of the never-told tales of American history and one of the most curious. Her career had run through twenty-five hectic years when Stephen Jumel, wealthy French wine merchant in Manhattan, decided to make her his mistress. By that time Eliza Brown (as she called herself) was not unknown in New York. Among the ladies of easy virtue who lent glamour to an earlier, briefer Broadway, she already enjoyed the widest fame and the most favor.

Eliza Brown's antecedents were mysterious; there had been a good deal of whispering about them. She was, it was rumored, of the royal French house of Capet, born aboard a ship *en route* from Brest to the West Indies, of a mother who died in giving her birth. Wild winds had carried the vessel to the Rhode Island coast and in Providence the motherless babe had become the protégée of a Captain de la Croix who had taken her to New York and then to Paris. That was the town's favorite version. Eliza liked it, and helped it circulate.

It was, of course, more glamorous than the truth, which was that Eliza Brown was Betsey Bowen, the handsomest girl in Providence, born out of wedlock in 1775 to Phebe Kelley, vagrant, and John Bowen, sailor; that, in the nineteen years before she had arrived in New York by packet boat, she dwelt in workhouse, bawdy house, and outcast's hovel. Manhattan did not suspect the existence of a son named, for reasons best known to Betsey, George Washington Bowen,

and born a few weeks before his mother's abrupt departure for New York.

Eliza Brown had let it be known that she was present at Washington's second inaugural, where she attracted more attention than the President himself; she had inspired Patrick Henry with the "dangerous fires of love and passion"; Thomas Jefferson had visited her frequently; Franklin had called her his "Fairy Queen" and kissed her lips in public. The gentlemen chivalrously let the statements stand. Certainly, she had been in France. St. Memin had done her portrait in silhouette there, calling it "Madame de la Croix."

At any rate, Eliza had acquired a worldly air, a smattering of French, and a multitude of seductive graces before she met Stephen Jumel. He was one of the richest men in New York, a bachelor, a gentleman of culture and taste, generous, kindly — and lonely. He took her into his luxurious establishment at 28 Whitehall Street, and neither made any secret of her presence there. They chose, instead, to advertise it. A Broad Street carriagemaker was ordered to make Eliza Brown a carriage finer than any in New York, so that she might display herself in style and comfort.

That carriage was the greatest mistake of Eliza's career. By flaunting her affair with Stephen, by riding in an elegant coach while good women walked or rode in hired carriages, she aroused envies and hatreds that endured for half a century. Naively, Eliza convinced herself that small boys threw missiles at her coach, ladies afoot turned up their noses, solely because she wore no wedding ring.

Accordingly an excited courier came after Stephen one day, after he had set out on a business journey: his lady was dying, he must return at once. He rushed back to find her apparently on her death-bed, doctor, priest, and servants huddled, in tears, about the bedside. She would not, the doctor said, live out the night. Gasping, drawing her breath with painful effort, Eliza managed to whisper one last message: if Stephen would only marry her, she would depart in peace — such a little favor to do for one so young and fair and about to die. The priest, there to administer the last rites, quickly performed the marriage. And lo, a miracle! Next morning the lady was up and out of bed, in perfect health. Stephen was a good sport. What was done was done, but it should be done again for all the world to see. On April 9, 1804, he

married Eliza publicly in the Cathedral of St. Patrick on Prince Street. Madame Jumel rode down Broadway in her carriage with head high and a wedding ring on her finger.

But the wedding ring was no key to the city, and socially young Madame Jumel was no better off. For six lonely years she sat in her sumptuous drawing room on Whitehall Street waiting for the callers who never came. Stephen shared her ostracism, and at last becoming bored himself, decided to make another attempt to secure for Eliza the social recognition she coveted. He agreed to buy her a country house. Her choice was the beautiful Georgian dwelling on Washington Heights which Roger Morris had built for his bride, Mary Phillipse. This was a stately mansion with a distinguished history. Washington had made it his headquarters during the battle of Harlem Heights. But when the Jumels bought it in 1810 it was Marriner's Tavern, dilapidated, weatherbeaten, wall-paper in tatters, windows broken.

With infinite care, Jumel restored the house to make it worthy of its great traditions and its new mistress. He sent fragments of the stained glass windows to France for reproduction, had duplicates of the original wallpaper printed from

woodblocks in Paris. He put back gate houses and fences, added to the thirty-six acres that had come with the house. . . . But within the Jumel mansion, life went on as it had in Whitehall Street. Nobody called, and nobody invited the Jumels to call.

II

In 1815, Eliza Jumel decided she could endure New York no longer, and she persuaded Stephen to take her to France. Word went around that Stephen Jumel had sailed for France to bring Napoleon to America. Actually, Waterloo had not been fought when the Jumels set sail. The vessel arrived, however, simultaneously with the Napoleonic cataclysm, and it is not improbable that Jumel gallantly offered his ship and safe conduct to Bonaparte and that the Emperor was grateful.

Certainly there must have been some fortuitous gesture on Stephen's part, for the arms of the Bonapartist nobility of Paris were stretched wide to welcome him and Madame. His gesture may have been merely judicious display of unlimited wealth, for the court of Napoleon was as *nouveau* as Eliza herself and by no means as *riche*. Jumel set up an establishment in Paris and again bought his wife

a carriage. This time it proved a great help. Titled ladies, too proud to walk, begged the favor of a ride, and in return there were the invitations to balls, teas, and dinners for which Madame had waited in New York through ten arid years. For twelve months, Eliza lived like the great lady she fancied herself.

Then something happened. To make Stephen angry, it must have been of a highly indiscreet nature, for he was long-suffering. His wrath was so great that he sent Eliza home, alone and in disgrace, to the house on Washington Heights. Four years, he kept her out of paradise, but in 1821 he relented and told her she might come back. He fitted up another home there and bought another carriage. There were balls, parties, dinners, invitations, social success. Betsey Bowen of Providence even addressed a long and beribboned communication to Louis XVIII, pleading for a title for her dear Stephen and pledging the eternal gratitude of his wife. This approach to the throne was the apogee of her career.

By 1825, Stephen had begun to scratch the bottom of his purse. He suggested retrenchment, giving up the great house on the Place Vendôme. He thought it best that they separate, he to remain in France looking after affairs there, and

Eliza to return to America. Generous still, he deeded her the house and land on Washington Heights and gave her the use for life of his property at the corner of Liberty Street and Broadway in New York. Then he committed the crowning folly of the long succession he had perpetrated since he first looked on Eliza Brown: he gave her power of attorney to sell his property in New York, with the understanding that she return him the proceeds.

Stephen should have known better, after the marriage ruse and the revelation of the existence of George Washington Bowen, but even these acts of knavery had not prepared him. For two years he fretted in France, selling the family silver to support himself, and received only evasions in answer to his letters asking money and reports. When he returned at last he found that all his property had been transferred to the nominal ownership of Mary Jumel Bownes, Eliza's niece, whom she had brought from Providence to be her companion. The child had the titles and Eliza, her guardian, collected the revenue.

Since she had robbed Stephen and his heirs, Eliza could afford to be merciful. She permitted him to live in the house on the Heights, alone most of the time, while she

and Mary gallivanted around Saratoga and the South. In 1832 Stephen Jumel obligingly fell off a haycart and died of his injuries. Twelve months later his sorrowing widow married Aaron Burr.

Madame was 59 then, still beautiful, possessed of great wealth and undying ambition. Burr was 78, poor, embittered, a social leper. But he had been Vice-President of the United States, and that, for the woman who had all her life been fed on the crumbs from society's table, was a fat morsel. She maintained that, on a night when she had merely expected to play whist with him, Burr had brought to her house on the Heights the aged minister who had joined him to his first wife; and that he had threatened to provoke a public scandal unless she married him at once. "He was so handsome, and grave," Madame declared. "I allowed him to keep my hands . . . there and like a fool I was married to him."

Burr had married for money and Eliza had married for a name. After he had given her the name, the bridegroom lost no time in getting his hands on the money. On the wedding journey he persuaded her to turn over to him \$6000, which he straightway lost in Texas land speculation. When Madame inves-

tigated, she was informed that she now had a husband who would manage her business and that his loss of \$6000 was none of her affair. The answer cost the bridegroom bed and board, for Madame sued for divorce. Claiming that she had caught her aged husband kissing a parlormaid, she charged him with infidelity. The gallant spouse replied in kind. Within a year after the wedding the divorce was granted. A few days later Burr died. But his name went marching on.

III

As Madame Burr, Eliza went abroad again. "Make way," she cried to a troop of soldiers blocking her carriage in France, "make way for the widow of the Vice-President of the United States." "Widow of the Vice-President of the United States" was a cumbersome handle. The French, with more perspicacity than they knew, abbreviated it and called her the "vice-queen."

Eliza boasted of that designation. She babbled it to a party of girls who came to see her years later in the ghost-haunted house on the Heights. In a stuffy, malodorous parlor (the same one in which she had pledged herself to Aaron Burr) she looked a horrible old harridan in a rusty black gown, cotton-lace

cap hung with pea-green ribbons, soiled wrinkled stockings, a gaiter on one foot, a carpet slipper on the other, rattling on about a brilliant ball at the Tuileries at which she had heard whispers that here was the "vice-queen of America" come to stab Louis Napoleon. Acting the queen, Madame had tossed her head, stamped her foot, drawn up her train, and waving an imperious hand, exclaimed "Make way for the vice-queen."

She was nearly 90 when she boasted thus, but long before that her mind had begun to crack. Indeed, on the return from that last triumphant tour, her eccentricities were well established, and she had become a laughing stock among her neighbors and a scourge to her dependents. Her passion for carriages remained, and she had brought back from Paris bottle green livery for postillions she no longer owned. Although she put her relatives out of the house, even as she had expelled Burr, Eliza Jumel was no longer alone in the mansion in the interminable years of her dotage. She created for herself the grand world in which she had always sought to move, and peopled her house with the ghosts of the great who had snubbed her in the flesh. She set up a dais in her drawing

room and, dressed in silks and diamonds, received imaginary guests — George Washington, Mary Phil-lipse, the Bonapartes, Lafayette, and the Duke of Palermo. She seated them, offered them wine, conversed with them, and received their compliments. On the walls of her house were dozens of small frames. They held letters, visiting cards, invitations, every printed and written scrap that might bear tangible evidence of the long pursuit of social glory that had obsessed her.

Sometime in this long stretch of madness she set a banquet table for Joseph Bonaparte. She decorated it with silver and gold ornaments, and with her finest china and crystal, heaped it with confections and delicacies and year after year, until the years ran into the span of a generation, she watched spiders spin their webs over the fine cloth, rats nibble away the confections, mold and dust spread over the delicate plates. "He praised the table so much," she told those who looked upon it, "that I determined to keep it standing." She declared that the brother of the greatest Bonaparte had come to America just to marry her, had climbed her fence to see the object of his affections, and come into her kitchen to surprise her. Yet Joseph Bona-

parte had never dined at that table. He may at some time have visited the house, many years before, when he was looking for a country residence. But if he did Madame was not present.

In July of 1865, adorned with her diamonds, the rouge still thick on her withered cheeks, pink ribbons flying like indomitable pennants from her cap, Eliza Jumel died. The sedate New York *Times* honored her with an obituary notice that took up two columns of its eight pages and in it all of the inventions of her disordered mind, the legends of romantic and social success were written down as fact. "We are not," said the *Times*, "of those who believe the slanderers of her reputation. Gaiety is not always guilt; frivolity not always the exponent of heartlessness." It was not until the numerous and assorted descendants of Phebe Kelley began a sixteen year litigation to break her will and acquire her wealth, and until George Washing-

ton Bowen, an old man who resembled the father of his country so much that people turned to stare at him in the streets, came down to New York to fight for Eliza's fortune that the legend began to crumble. The mansion itself was crumbling then too, and the assorted heirs, living there in strife and mutual distrust, claimed that Eliza's ghost rapped on the slop pails and haunted the house.

Eliza was buried in a dignified granite mausoleum in the uptown cemetery of Trinity. Her tomb was set up on a ridge overlooking the Hudson River, among the very best people, the ones who wouldn't in life vouchsafe her a cordial "good morning." No one thought of bringing Stephen up to rest with her. He had been buried thirty-three years before in the chutch yard of old St. Patrick's at Prince Street and Mott. His flat slab was sunken and undecipherable. Even in death Eliza got the cream and Stephen the skim milk.



THE TINKER

A Story

By T. F. HEALY

LEANING over the half-door she watched him hitch his donkey to the gate post, take the bundle from its back, and come up the garden path.

"Any pots or pans to be mended today, ma'am?" he asked, with a touch of the sing-song manner of men of his calling. He averted his eyes while she pulled the top of her bodice tight.

"Any pots or pans, ma'am?" he repeated.

She paused, regarding him. She looked at his blue eyes and his wind-blown hair.

"I—I have an old cracked skillet maybe needs mending. Could you fix a skillet?"

"Surely ma'am," he said, "and as good as you'd want it. 'Tis only a shilling I charge too."

"You can come in, man of the roads," she said.

She held the door open for him. He put his pack on the floor and stood awkwardly over it.

"Would you like a cup of tea? I

have some brewing on the hob."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Sit you on the *súgan* chair by the fire there."

She poured a mug of tea. From the cupboard she brought a plate of applecake and put it in a stool beside him.

"Come far today, tinker?"

"Far enough, ma'am. I came in from Croom, all of six miles, Fionula and myself."

"Fionula?"

"My donkey, ma'am," he said.

"'Tis grand applecake you make."

"I'm glad you like it," she said.

"Of course, I don't let strangers in the house when himself's away, much less treat them to tea, but you look all right."

"Thank you, ma'am, and if you'll be getting your skillet now I'll be fixing it in no time at all."

"Why don't you rest a while after your tea?"

"Ah ma'am, I must be making for Bruree this night yet, and 'tis all of four miles."

She turned to the window. "Tis getting darkish already," she said, "and clouding up, too. It looks like rain."

"I don't mind that," he said. "I'm used to being out in all sorts of weather. And what would the man of the house be saying and himself coming back to find me taking my ease here by the fire-side?"

"Himself won't be home until tomorrow," she answered. "He's gone to the Fair of Rathkeale, twenty miles away, with seven head of cattle, and when he comes home he'll be stone drunk, for that's the way he always comes home from a fair."

The tinker smiled. "Tis many the fair I've seen," he said, "and hearing them haggle over an extra pound for an old cow, only afterwards to be spending four or five pounds in a pub to wet the bargain. But if you can give me that skillet now, ma'am, I think I'll be . . ."

She brushed back a strand of her hair and looked around the room. "Wait," she said. "I'll look for it."

She knelt down and looked under the cupboard. She spoke over to him. "I don't know even if 'tis here at all now. Oh, I remember now I threw it out some time ago; 'twas an old skillet, and I bought a new one. . . . Would you like a

drop of whisky? Himself keeps lots of it."

"Oh no, ma'am, I think I'll be going now, for . . ."

She came back holding the bottle and a pewter tumbler. "'Tis twelve year old, pot still, the best whisky in Munster. 'Twill put a bit of warmth in you for the road."

The tinker looked at it. "Oh well then, ma'am," he said, "a little drop won't harm me I suppose."

II

She put the bottle and the tumbler on the stool. He poured out a drink, took a good swig, and smacked his lips.

"'Tis the good stuff," he said, "good and strong. And to think 'twas but last night I slept in a ditch under an old brown thorn tree to wake up with the scolding talk of a blackbird in her nest above me, and here I sit at day's end drinking good Irish whisky. Surely 'tis a funny world, and a great treat yourself is giving a poor tinker with the dust of many roads on my feet and you not seeing me before."

"'Tis because I like to," she said simply. "You can take another if you want."

"Oh no, ma'am," he protested. "I think I'll be going now and

Fionula . . . Well, maybe I'll have one for the road."

"There's some mangles in the bin outside for your donkey," she said.

"Thanks, ma'am. Mangles is a delicacy a tinker's donkey doesn't often be getting."

She picked up the tongs and sat on the farther hearth-hob opposite him. She put on some new sods of turf and gently patted the sides of the fire. She drew figures with the tongs in the ashes round the hearthstone.

"'Tis a nice fire," she said.

"'Tis," he said, "and 'tis surely the oldest custom of all to be looking into a fire and listening to the turf-flames gossiping to one another."

"You have a lot of the wisdom on you, I'm thinking, tinker, and isn't it a pity you never settled down with a woman instead of to be wandering the lonely roads, and you unhoused, for 'tis a young man you are yet!"

"Well, since 'tis yourself that said it," he replied, "there was a slip of a colleen once who put the *comether* on me, only there was a man came back from the States with a power of money and the soothing words on him, and 'twas him she went away with. So I cut thread and thrum to be on the roads ever since. And that's the

way it is with women for you."

"All women aren't alike, tinker," she said. She stopped playing with the tongs and looked at him.

"I wasn't meaning that, ma'am," he said, "begging your pardon. Sure 'twas only a joke like." He fidgeted in his seat. He picked up the bottle and filled his tumbler.

Outside the donkey gave a mournful, drawn-out bray.

"That's Fionula," he said, "and it means she's tired of soliloquizing with herself like. I think I'll be . . ."

"Wait till I get her some mangles."

She got up quickly and went out, closing the door after her. He heard her go down the garden path, heard her voice speaking to the donkey. He leaned back in the chair and looked into the fire.

"I put Fionula in the barn for the mangles," she said when she returned. "'Tis sprinkling a bit."

"I've been out in wind and rain, ma'am, walking through the hedgy night till there'd be times when I'd be willing to be lying abed even in a house with the tinker's curse on it."

She sat on the hob again and leaned over the fire to put on more sods. "What's the tinker's curse?" she asked suddenly. "Do you know it?"

"Troth, only some of it ma'am, for as I told you I'm not a tinker by birth and have the good blood in me. Only I've heard other tinkers sing it and parts of it stayed in the bottom of my mind. And there's some that sing it never go under a roof-tree."

"Would you sing me the bit you know, tinker?"

"Ah, ma'am, 'tish't good luck to besinging it in a fine house like this."

"Would you sing it for me, tinker?" she asked again.

"Well, for a fine-looking woman the like of yourself, begging your pardon, ma'am, that I will, but I'll have to be having another drop of the good stuff here to wet it."

He drank some whisky, cleared his throat and broke into a baritone voice:

You build houses! Ay, like the crows,
You put stick and stick together,
May I see a scatter of sticks and the
Kites a-chase through the wood!
You live, man and wife, you say;
Like the goats, two and two a-tether,
For fear you would reach to the hedge-
tops

And the wild taste get in your blood!

When he had finished she did not speak but kept looking into the fire.

"Sorry ma'am," he said. "People in houses have no liking for a song

the like of that song, but yourself wanted to hear it."

"I like it," she said. "Surely I don't mind it, providing you took the curse out of it. You wouldn't be putting a curse on myself, would you?"

He laughed. "Surely 'tish't a curse I'd be putting on yourself, ma'am, much less anything at all in dispraise of you, when yourself is so . . ."

He stopped short, and there was a silence between them, broken only by the clock's tick-tocking. A sudden blow of wind shook the doors and windows; it whistled with a high note under the eaves.

"Listen, tinker!" she said.

He looked at the rafters and nodded as he listened to the emphasis of the rain on the roof. "'Tis a power of rain to be showering down from the skies," he said. "And maybe I could wait till it clears?"

"Surely," she said.

He settled back holding the tumbler and stretched his legs towards the glowing fire. "'Tis a cozy house, and yourself to be in it," he said.

She smiled as she drew circles with the tongs in the white ashes round the hearthstone.

OUR TRADITION OF VIOLENCE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

FOR some years we Americans have been reveling in a rather superior smugness. Viewing the various species of savagery in Europe and Asia, we speak complacently about the foreign barbarians slipping back to medievalism; about the Dark Ages again settling down over the world — except, of course, in these United States. What has been going on beyond our borders is enough to make anyone shudder, it is true. But it need scarcely evoke feelings of superiority in a country which has had KKK's, Molly Maguires, Black Legions, Ludlow massacres, Palmer raids, and countless mobs of vigilantes in its history, if not on its conscience. In sober fact, no race of people on earth has gone in so joyfully and efficiently for violence as the residents of these United States of America. Ours is an amazing record.

To begin with, most of our land was got in the manner of Huns, Italians, Japanese, British, and French; that is, we took it forcibly

and with a maximum of bloodshed from a weaker people. Once we had the land, we went into an era of mob-law. The habit stuck: we are still inclined to take the "law" into our own hands. Leaving aside what we did to the Indians in the way of routine massacres of villages, our old frontier was ruled alternately by mobs of gunmen who were called outlaws or posses, depending on the point of view. Both used only the rope and the gun. "There is more law in a Colt Six-Gun," said Westerners, "than in all the law books." Seventy-five years later a police commissioner of our largest city remarked, "There is more law in the end of a nightstick than in all the city ordinances."

When we had a Gold Rush, California was ruled intermittently by mobs of low-class thugs, who had an interest in a state of lawlessness, and by mobs of high-toned thugs — called vigilantes — who had an interest in what was jokingly called Law and Order. Murder and lynching became the

common order of things. Less known, but just as true, is what went on in the later rush to Montana: even more men were summarily hanged there than in San Francisco. And when Skagway became the base of Yukon prospectors that city was immediately "taken over" by a mob of modern gangsters under the lovely Soapy Smith. The American trek into Oklahoma and Indian Territory was likewise made to the accompaniment of enough shooting and other violence to be rated a war in any country but ours.

Our four years of straight homicide, ending at Appomattox, was seriously interrupted by civil disorders far worse than the upheaval in Germany following the World War. In July 1863, for example, 20,000 rioters took over the city of New York and gave an excellent example of mob rule, American style. These opponents of the Army draft tore up railroad tracks, cut down telephone poles, and wrecked telegraph offices. Three thousand of them stormed the Union Steam Works arsenal, drove out the guards, helped themselves to carbines, then fired the building and went on a rampage. Another mob, estimated at 5000, attacked the Colored Orphans Home at Fifth Avenue and Forty-third

Street and burned it to the ground, — but not until they had amused themselves throwing pickaninnies out of the windows.

Negroes swung from lamp posts the length of Clarkson Street, with fires burning beneath them. The Draft Enrollment offices were wrecked and fired. Stores and homes were sacked. The Eleventh Regiment turned out with howitzers and blew cannister and grape-shot into the mobs, but the troopers, outnumbered 20 to 1, were set upon and shot and slugged. Thirteen regiments were hurriedly recalled from the Army of the Potomac and sent to New York, where they arrived in time to prevent destruction of the *Tribune* building. The mob threw up a mile of breastworks along Ninth Avenue and fought to the last ditch. The riots lasted four days in all and resulted in some 1500 deaths.

The Civil War itself acted like a taste of fresh blood to a tiger. Abolitionists shouted that the South was a conquered nation and was to be treated as such. It was. Northern carpetbaggers and Negroes full of gin set up "legislatures" with bayonets. Meeting violence with violence, in typical American fashion, the Klan rose to power and rode savagely in all directions — a new kind of terror.

II

Meanwhile, with the stimulating smell of powder in their nostrils, Labor and Capital began the bloody and continuous war that is still going strong, and is without parallel in the history of any country. In the 'sixties and 'seventies much of the great state of Pennsylvania lived in complete terror of the Molly Maguires, a wild mob that slugged and killed and burned and dynamited and laughed at attempts to put them down. The Mollies, brutal as gorillas, had been brought into being by the savagery of coal-mine operators. They reigned for more than a decade, and when they were finally broken up it was not the law, but a private detective, that did the breaking.

Close on the heels of the Mollies were the railroad riots of 1877, virtually a civil war all over again. Compared with what went on that year in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, and scores of smaller towns the much-touted Commune of Paris was a picnic. Ours, too, was an unorganized uprising. The dead amounted to more than a thousand, the property damage ran into hundreds of millions of dollars. Few Americans seem to have heard of it.

A bit later the bomb went off in

Chicago's Haymarket, to terrible effect. It has been a lasting effect, too, for pineapples have been detonating in sickening numbers ever since. At Homestead, Pennsylvania, a battle between private guards and striking workmen showed real imagination and gave an inkling of what an American mob really could do when it spat on its hands and let go. In this fight not only rifles were used, but armored scows, heavy artillery, homemade flame throwers, and a ton or so of dynamite. When the losers had been disarmed, they were set upon in good old Yankee style. Some were castrated, others had eyes gouged out, and the rest got off merely by being beaten into insensibility. Few Americans under fifty seem to have heard of Homestead.

Then a strike of Pullman-car workers grew into a railroad strike, which grew into the Debs Rebellion, and the flat lands between Chicago and the Rockies were lighted nightly by the burning of thousands of freight and passenger cars. Bloody riots exploded all along the line from Oregon to the Great Lakes. As usual, a greater part of the United States Army had to be called in to restore order.

Later still, "General" Jacob Coxey, a Man with a Message, sent

out a clarion call and thousands of bums, hoboes, and honestly unemployed started a march on Washington from the four corners of the Republic. They captured trains and ran them, rocking and bounding across mountains and prairies; they terrorized farms and towns, raided barns and homes, and helped themselves to whatever they wanted. Americans forget the implications of that march, and Coxey's name survives only as a joke. Coxey lost; hence he is funny. But he was a potential Man on Horseback. Years later, Huey Long, too, began as a joke. By the time Huey died — by violence — he was anything but a joke. Since Coxey's time, Relievers and others have used the same technique and have been put down by violence.

Since the turn of the century, Labor-Capital wars have been worse and more numerous. A bomb blew all hell out of the Los Angeles *Times* building, another went off at Steuart and Market Streets in San Francisco, still another made little pieces out of an ex-governor of Idaho. And what must have been the daddy of bombs exploded in front of Mr. Morgan's place in Wall Street. Staid Lawrence, Massachusetts, had its revolution. So did Paterson, New Jersey. Two thousand miners were driven out

of Bisbee, Arizona, by a mob and forced into the desert. Tar-and-feather parties and lynchings fill the history of the IWW, a 100 per cent American movement if ever there was one. Twenty men were killed and 200 sent to hospitals by the steel strike of 1919, and since then steel, rubber, and motor wars have taken a continuous toll.

When the World War reached America, every country town in the United States had its behind-the-lines patriots who staged pogroms against inoffensive people of German birth or parentage. During the same period troops were called out to shoot down miners in Colorado and to burn their pitiful homes. In Everett, Washington, a mob of dubious deputies shot down and killed seven lumber union men who were merely testing their constitutional right to speak from a soapbox on street corners.

Following close on the Armistice, the Government's mob, under the direction of Mitchell Palmer, rode roughshod over such civil liberties as were left. Two persons talking was a crowd; three, a menace to the Republic. Palmer alone ruled. No group not wholly orthodox in his eyes could meet without danger of a raid and clubbing. Unpopular newspapers were suppressed in all parts of the country,

and often they were mobbed. One hundred and thirteen members of the IWW were arrested and charged with criminal thoughts. Ninety-three of them were sentenced to a total of 1160 years in prison and subjected to fines that totaled \$2,570,000. Mass deportations went on daily, many of the victims with American wives and children. Foreigners of unorthodox political views lived in a state of terror. The Rand School in New York was raided by a pseudo-legal mob. Members of the International Bible Students, a pacifist sect commonly known as Russellites, were hounded everywhere. Nine of them spent years in jail without trial. In short, the Palmer regime gave us a mild taste of what an American dictatorship would be like.

In the realm of divinity America's record of violence is something to shoot at. The mob killed Mormon Joe Smith in cold blood, and destroyed Mormon settlements, putting them to the torch. American divines have often been ungodly violent. Lyman Beecher attacked the Irish. Theodore Parker shouted again and again for the blood of slaveholders. Hardly one of them but did not howl for the head of Altgeld, a most kindly man. In turn they raised mobs against witches, Quakers, Shakers, Mora-

vians, Catholics, Unitarians, Mormons, and Christian Scientists, and always the mobs resorted to violence, often to murder. Billy Sunday always used the words "fight," "exterminate," "drive out," and "battle" in his "war" on sin. Sunday could whip his simple clods into a frenzy — another potential Man on Horseback.

For half a century a dangerous fanatic named Anthony Comstock was granted virtual police powers over the "morals" of any citizen he did not approve. Comstock and his agents committed every indecency and broke every law short of murder in their efforts to suppress everything from dirty postcards to legitimate works of art. In more recent years, Comstock's heirs, aided by powerful religious groups, made life a hell for a courageous woman who felt that women should have something to say about the birthrate.

III

Prohibition brought the American's love of mobbery into its fullest flower. The grimy town of Cicero became the mid-west capital of the biggest industry in the land. The wars between bootleggers and thugs wearing city, state, and federal badges are still too fresh to need

recounting. It should be remembered, though, that kindly Uncle Sam forced manufacturers to add a deadly poison to their alcohols and that reverend gentlemen stood up in their pulpits to say that blindness, even death, was good enough for a person who touched spirits. Citizens with a pint on their hips were shot down like mad dogs. Many of them, maimed for life, are still in hospitals.

Concurrently with Prohibition we had a revival of the Klan, this time more violent than ever and supplanting the government in many states. In this incarnation it was directed against Negroes, Catholics, Jews, simple aliens, and "scofflaws." The Klan faded, for a while, but it seems to be reviving in 1939, along with various groups — all political mobs — known as Black Legions, Bunds, and Crusaders-for-this-and-that.

Until quite recently the larger cities of the west coast lived under the rule of mobs of goons — labor racketeers fighting each other for the right to plunder the public. Time after time Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and San Francisco have been on the verge of local near-revolution, while bombs wrecked breweries, set fire to sawmills, warehouses, homes, and loosed stenches in restaurants and the-

atres. Only a capable Man on Horseback was lacking to start something really big, either Left or Right.

Throughout the past twenty years seemingly isolated incidents have continued to show what sort of people we are when aroused and the mob takes over. When the police of Boston went on strike that seat of culture and light tasted twenty-four hours of the stuff Carlyle wrote about: hoi-polloi broke into stores and lugged off everything in sight; women and children were insulted and abused by the hundreds; gangs ran yelling through the Common, throwing park benches into the duckponds and heaving rocks at street lamps; young toughs came out of the stews and gutters to shoot crap on the State House steps; South Boston and the North End were bedlam. Until the troops turned out the Hub knew chaos. At about the same period Chicago had a race riot during which more Negroes were killed than ever were done to death by Southern planters. Out in Seattle, a simple shipyard strike grew into a general strike of such proportions that martial law was declared and armored cars with machine guns patrolled the streets. Off and on, during the years, mobs have taken a Negro and done vari-

ous things to him — hanged him, shot him full of holes, burned him at the stake, or simply clubbed him to death. Only recently was any improvement shown in the technique: some genius at lynching brought along a blow-torch.

America's record of domestic "peace" would stagger the warlike Arabs. Our prisons are the biggest ever built, and they overflow at all times. Our people's heroes are — after Washington and Lincoln — Jesse James, the Daltons, John L. Sullivan, and Dillingers, Barkers, and Capones without end. Our American Legion is composed almost entirely of heroes, and it has many times lived up to the American tradition of taking the law into its own hands — at Centralia, Washington, and San Diego, to name two typical occasions. Even our genteel Daughters of the American Revolution often get out of hand and pass resolutions

which, though futile, give an idea of what they would do if they had the power and weren't quite so well bred. Abroad we are considered the most quarrelsome of people, and our record of six major wars in one hundred and fifty years gives substance to that opinion.

In short, Americans have no reason to be smug about the foreign barbarians. God help Uncle Sam and those cool, calm whiskers of his if a sizeable American mob ever finds its Man on Horseback! We have a long and lusty tradition of violence. The paranoiac supermen in our midst, those who would inflame hatreds and shatter the structure of civilized legality, are the more dangerous for that reason. If the dreaded moment comes, the doings of the sissy French in '89, the Russians in 1917, and the Nazi Germans in 1933 will look like kindergarten brawls by comparison. We Americans have got what it takes.



CAPSULE WISDOM

The AMERICAN MERCURY's monthly Stuffed Shirt Awards are herewith bestowed on the authors of the following prize pontifications:

Earl Browder, leader of the American Communist Party: "If we were ever to have a war with Russia it would be because of the Trotskyists."

Joannes Kiev, Estonian Consul General in New York: "Estonians don't want to impose their will on anybody."

June Hamilton Rhodes, fashion commentator for the National Retail Jewelers Association: "Any girl without earrings this season will feel naked."

William Feather, journalist: "Cigar smokers are inclined to be substantial citizens, able to think things through."

Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the New York State WCTU: "A person who never touches alcohol never dies a drunkard."

Robert Minor, outstanding American communist: "You can trust the USSR."

Mrs. James Bogert, centenarian of Creskill, N. J.: "Don't ever wish to live to be a hundred — eighty is enough."

Gov. Luren D. Dickenson of Michigan: "How many golf games, baseball games, bridge parties, and wine parties are started with prayer?"

Bernard M. Baruch: "If anybody thinks they can make a profit out of war, they are crazy."

Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony: "We are a happy, wonderful country with nothing to worry about."

George U. Harvey, Borough President of Queens: "If Hitler wins, the United States will find him in Bermuda and Stalin in Canada."

Dr. Sidney H. Coleman, president of the American Humane Association: "As long as millions of animals go to their death without benefit of humane stunning, there remains a task that challenges the imagination of the best humane thinking."

THE PASSING OF THE POOL SHARK

BY EDWARD JEROME VOGELER

THE old-fashioned pool-room is disappearing from the land. Once known to policemen as an incubator of crime, to writers as a bonanza of pithy wisecracks, to millions of groping, embryonic youths as an incomparable hangout, it is now vanishing from the American scene. And with it is going — perhaps has gone — the pool shark, as colorful a predator as ever plied a trade in this home of the free.

Boston Whitey, the Sicily Kid, Cowboy Weston, Seattle Slim, Dago Joe, Bowery Al, Farmer Jones, Johnny Icedwater, West Coast Willie — where are they? And where are scores of lesser lights, once known by the right people from coast to coast for their uncanny ability to make pool balls do their bidding? Where is that irresponsible, unmoral, peripatetic pack of parasites that asked nothing more of life than a straight cue, a backer, a “flash,” and a roomful of suckers? Some are dead. A few, with eyesight dimmed and nerves weakened by Old Man Time — who, in the end, spots them all —

have put their cues in the rack and turned to occupations requiring more effort and less skill. But the vast majority remained predacious to the end. During the great drought, bootlegging lured many. Others entered rackets, with the result that there are today at Alcatraz and other less exclusive retreats — middle-aged stir bugs who could still play “fifteen or no count” if given the chance.

Sharks and fish! It wasn't so many years ago that the line between them was sharply drawn and any person who became a habitual frequenter of a pool-room was compelled, sooner or later, to take his place with one or the other. Once established, it was almost impossible to break ranks, for the sharks were untiringly and systematically trying to prey upon the fish, and the fish were timidly, nervously, and — usually — vainly trying to keep out of the clutches of the sharks. This difference was not entirely a question of ability with the billiard cue, but chiefly a matter of philosophy. The old-

time pool shark lived by the creed that honest labor bears a hideous face, and by the code that the greatest crime in his particular world was to give a sucker an even break.

Never give a sucker an even break! The dictum caught and stuck. And it was far from the only lingual contribution of the pool-room to the American argot. Consider: "Put him on the spot"; "Behind the eight ball"; "Frozen to the rail"; "In the middle"; "Spot you." Some of these are now time-worn, but in the memory of many they were the catchwords of the nation.

The vernacular of the green cloth and chalk was distinctive in that often it acted in reverse English. For instance, when a stranger, fresh from the Turkish bath, with spotless clothes and a show of affluence appeared at the pool-room, someone would say: "That bird's dirty." On the other hand, entered a tramp, covered from head to foot with soot, stench, and sawdust, and the comment would be: "Clean turkey."

Also the idler who lounged hour after hour on the benches and relied on his wits for a scant livelihood was termed a "hustler"; whereas the businessman, who played the game perhaps once a

month, was known by the same reverse English as a "bum." This because of his inability to pocket the balls. A clean man was dirty, provided he had money, and a dirty man was clean if he had no money. A man who did nothing for his sustenance was a hustler, while a man who worked hard but possessed no especial talent for pocket billiards was a bum.

II

The pool shark, now almost as extinct as the dodo or the passenger pigeon, was a man of histrionic ability and better than average nervous co-ordination. He was salesman, actor, and artist in one. His first task was to find his customer; his second, to excite the cupidity of his client; and his third was to get the money. Roughly speaking, these lamented artisans were divided into two classes — the home shark and the traveling shark. The home shark had his especial haunt, where he virtually did everything but sleep on each table, so as to know the peculiarities of every cushion and pocket in the room. When a stranger entered, he would amble up to him with the invitation: "Push a game of pool, brother?" The play usually started with a 10¢ game of pill pool, and termi-

nated with the stranger pawning his watch.

The traveling shark moved from city to city according to his luck. He traveled, not because of wanderlust, but because his customers in any one locality soon became overstocked with his wares. Among the itinerant craftsmen were the super-sharks, undoubtedly the most picturesque of the pool. Players of extraordinary ability, they made a specialty of preying on common sharks. They reasoned that the fish soon lost their money to the run-of-mill operators, and that the latter, bloated with their loot, made excellent prey. They likewise took into consideration the fact that, by outwitting a shark, they would probably haul in the same net any number of fish — as the fish lost almost as much money on outside games as by backing their own futile showing.

Trimming the hustler was no easy matter, for the shark, like most creatures of prey, was wary. To accomplish his purpose, the super-shark usually loafed about the lair of his prospective victim for days, and sometimes weeks — a procedure known as “stalling.” He would invest a few dollars in advertising that he knew little of the game, and then, when he saw plenty of money in evidence, offer

to play for big stakes, and the fish would knock each other down in their efforts to grab part of the hook.

Although the approach of pool sharks was more or less stereotyped throughout America, each of the truly great possessed an individual technique. Farmer Jones, for example, owned the most famous umbrella in sports history — an umbrella which, at one time, was as widely known in pocket-billiards as is the current Mr. Chamberlain’s in the world of diplomacy. The Farmer actually was an erstwhile tiller of the soil; he looked the part, and his slovenly attire, unruly hair, gnarled hands, weather-beaten skin, and the umbrella all contributed to the illusion. When he barged into a strange pool-room, he would convey the impression of a guileless rube. This canny operator would take a seat near two ordinary players, preferably two who were playing for high stakes, and heckle them.

“Cripes! What a shot!” he would drawl. “Why, you guys can’t play no pool.”

“What the hell do you know about pool, hayseed?” he would be asked.

“Wall,” the Farmer would proclaim, “I’ll just bet twenty dollars I kin take this ole umbrella and

trim either of you bums in fifty points."

Few gamblers could resist this, and not until too late would they learn that, carefully attached to the tip of Farmer Jones' umbrella, was the tip of a billiard cue.

Cowboy Weston was famous for his drunk act, a skit so well done it is a pity it was never seen on the stage. The cowboy would buy a pint of whisky, gargle a spoonful, and use the remainder to saturate his hair, face, and clothing. Then he would refill the bottle with coffee, diluted to the exact hue of the best of rye, and stagger into a pool-room. From time to time, he would take a nip of this brew, all the while fumbling with a fat roll of bills and offering to play any man in the house. Eventually, some gambler accepted the challenge, reasoning that, however skilful this stranger might be when sober, he must be a set-up in such condition. It was little less than astounding to note how rapidly the Cowboy sobered up once the money was on the line. On one occasion the Cowboy played his role so perfectly that a policeman locked him up on a drunk and disorderly charge. Weston paid a fine of \$5 and costs, returned to the pool-room and won \$300.

Probably the most unbeatable

pool shark of all time was Bowery Al, a small, dark-haired man with a gimlet eye and a nerve of tempered steel. Al was at his best thirty years ago, before the introduction of the fourteen-and-one rule of consecutive pool. All fifteen balls were racked after each frame, with the result that it was impossible to make high runs. Had he been playing upon the superior equipment of today and under modern rules, he might have run a thousand.

Bowery Al was the only man in pocket billiard history who could play fifteen-or-no-count, with one hand, on a five-by-ten table — and win consistently. His position was perfection, his safety play maddening, and his ability to pocket the most difficult shots almost unbelievable. In 1910, at Harrisburg, Pa., with the stipulation that his opponent break each rack, he agreed to play the proprietor of a local pool-room 100 to 5 for a bet of \$25. The game ended with a score of 100 to 0.

Ability, of course, was all essential to the pool shark of old, but build-up was even more important. Seattle Slim was past master at this. He was a tantalizing trickster who would often keep his victims dangling at the end of a line for days and weeks. Slim specialized in rotation pool, a game which enabled

the expert to execute kiss shots, combination shots, and billiard shots which might appear pure luck to the uninitiated. When playing against a beginner, his stroke was so preposterously awkward it would take a clairvoyant to detect any skill. He would win by the closest margin possible, and in every third or fourth game would permit the sucker to regain hope. Only when the stakes had been doubled often enough to represent significant cash would he exert himself. This finished supershark usually traveled with Boston Whitey, a former prize fighter and a pool shark of ordinary ability. They delighted in "putting saps in the middle" — play against each other and throw games whenever a gullible gambler might be found willing to place a bet on either one. It was Whitey's job in the partnership to quell any protests with left hooks and uppercuts.

An example of the advanced technique of this brotherly pair is a coup executed a score of years ago in Baltimore. Slim and Whitey were hibernating in Akron, when word reached them that a Baltimore gambler had made a clean-up. They immediately bought tickets for Baltimore, where they invested in half a dozen boxes of cigars, all made by the same manufacturer, a

carrying case, and an order pad. They doctored the order pad, writing eight or ten fictitious orders from tobacco stores, then made their way to the pool-room operated by their intended victim, where they represented themselves as tobacco salesmen. Before long, Slim was adding to the bogus orders an actual requisition for a few cigars. This accomplished, he turned to his team mate.

"How about a couple games of French pool before lunch?" he suggested.

"For how much?" Whitey demanded.

"Five bucks a game."

The confederates selected a table in full view of their quarry and asked him to hold the stakes and decide any issue that might arise. Before long the interest and cupidity of their victim was aroused. For more than an hour Slim and Whitey carried on their act, battling to and fro, fighting for every point, apparently bending every effort to win and missing, most often, as fish will, when it meant the money. It appeared Whitey was the better player and eventually Slim was compelled to confess he was broke. "Wait," he said, "until I go to the bank and I'll be back and play you for twice as much dough."

Whitey agreed to wait, but after

a reasonable time expressed the opinion that the sucker had had enough and would not return, and he too left. The two met at a pre-arranged rendezvous where Whitey returned the money, their combined working capital, to Slim, who rushed back to the pool-room. "Where is that guy?" he yelled. "I'll play him for the city hall!"

By this time, the common shark had been softened into a fish — a species of flounder to land which neither bait nor hook was necessary. His predatory instinct had betrayed him to the point where he would snap at anything that even remotely resembled meat and now he fairly leaped out of the water into the middle of the boat.

"I'll play you a few games until he gets back," he volunteered.

"You're too good," protested Seattle Slim. "You gotta spot me ten."

The common shark even agreed to this, and thus began a series of pool games which lasted a week and which terminated with Whitey and Slim leaving Baltimore somewhat hastily, but richer by some \$2000.

There are no more pool sharks like Boston Whitey and Seattle Slim and Cowboy Weston and Bowery Al, and there are none on the horizon. There have been

plenty of expert pocket billiard players during the past decade, but these are tournament and exhibition players, instructors often subsidized by manufacturers of billiard room equipment. . . . Tournament and exhibition players! Phooey! The pool shark of old wouldn't play a tournament or exhibition game on a bet. It would spoil his business. And imagine a slicker teaching a sucker how to win!

Pool-rooms today are dreary substitutes for the smoke-filled halls where action once abounded. Now, about one proprietor in ten depends exclusively on pool and billiards for his income, and the majority barely make expenses. Most have added a few card tables, where tired businessmen may play auction bridge for a tenth of a cent a point, or a few hands of hearts or rummy. In a corner, a pinball machine may gather enough nickels to pay the electric light bill. And at a single worn pool table, of perhaps half a dozen, a couple of hopeless chumps may be aimlessly pushing the balls around, though neither of them could hit a bull in the rear with a spade. The proprietor watches with sad eyes and a dim, distant longing for the good old days when sharks were sharks and fish were fish and every table was taken.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

Europe on Our Horizon

The Coming Revolutions—Those who start wars do not necessarily finish them. An octogenarian ex-*kaiser* in Holland, a brood of Romanoffs, and divers Hapsburgs the world over can attest to that. The forces unleashed by war cannot always be kept under control by their original masters. As the pressures of suffering and sacrifice become unbearable, social balances are toppled over; discontents long held in solution are suddenly crystallized out; the pretensions and shortcomings of ruling groups are suddenly exposed for all to see, with dire consequences.

The one certainty about the present war is that its final results will be quite unlike anything planned or hoped for by the rulers of the countries engaged in it. In Germany, Russia, and other totalitarian areas, the volcanic fires of discontent, long suppressed, may be expected to leap to the surface as soon as the regimes are sufficiently weakened by the blood-letting. In a score of colonial areas, old resentments against the step-

mother countries are likely to break loose as independence movements. But even the great Western democracies are not immune to social upheavals. Never before in human history have the masses of ordinary people been so conscious of their collective strength and importance. For the first time in history, it happens, we have millionfold masses which are literate and which, through press and radio and cinema, have access to information in the past available only to a favored few. In the final analysis, the staggering price of the conflict is taken out of their stomachs and their hides, and convulsive revolts against the process may be looked for.

The fear of rocking the social boat, of upsetting the teetering equilibrium of society, was the underlying reason for "appeasement" sentiment, particularly in the higher reaches of the democracies. The same fear, sharpened by every week of war, will drive the governing classes to seek an early, even if indeterminate, peace. But

the decision is no longer in their hands. Wars have a logic of their own, beyond the wishes of statesmen and generals. The conflict is certain to sweep forward, with decisive but unforeseen revolutions and counter-revolutions in its trail.

The men in all countries who launched the war in 1914 had no doubt that, when the struggle ended, they would still be in positions of domination. So far as the losers were concerned, they were profoundly wrong. Even in Italy, which may be counted technically among the winners, a social revolution soon threw out the kind of people who started and conducted the war. Today few of the war makers have any real feeling of security for themselves and their kind. They know in their hearts that, win or lose, organized life is likely to have a different shape than before September 1939. The wisest among them suspect that even if their nations win their particular social shifts may lose.

But communists and fascists who imagine that the coming upheavals will follow the neat patterns of existing ideologies are fooling themselves. When the social casualties are counted, the systems of Stalin and Hitler may be in the garbage piles of history along with the

systems of Chamberlain and Daladier.



Parlor Strategists — Next to influenza, the most dangerous wartime epidemic is the outbreak of parlor strategy. It's a disease to which inhabitants of neutral nations, being relatively safe from the unpleasantness of real war, are especially exposed. We have already run across some virulent cases in our immediate circle. In fact, we are fighting off alarming symptoms of the disease ourselves, and have no assurance that we can escape its ravages. One evening, for instance, we found ourselves transporting a huge armada of British and French airplanes to Poland. We had all but turned the tide of battle against Hitler when we discovered that the Polish ground organization was not equipped to handle an armada. At that point it was highly consoling that somehow our orders had been misunderstood and the armada was still safely on French and English airfields.

The parlor strategist, in high fever, not only re-fights the battles of the current day, but all the battles from the dawn of the war. Having disposed of this chore, he charts the conflict from this day forward for years ahead, on land and sea and in the air. If Gamelin

and von Brauchitsch fail to follow his charts, it's obviously their own fault and their nations' tragedy.

One sure sign that the disease is entering an advanced stage is the parlor strategist's disdain for human life. There is a magnificent open-handedness about his disposal of millions of soldiers. Like other Napoleons before him, he does not permit emotion and sympathy to deflect him from duty. The other day we watched admiringly as a parlor strategist (normally a tender-hearted and even timid fellow) sacrificed a million lives — two million if necessary — as he smashed boldly through the Siegfried Line. We have heard others guarantee that they will crack this or that position with "only a hundred thousand or so casualties." A mathematician in our midst calculated that we had destroyed all the armies of all the battling nations in one after-dinner campaign, and might as well adjourn the war.

The horrors of the war on the fighting fronts will pale against those perpetrated in parlors. And no one need feel immune. The disease is highly contagious.



Comrade Stalin: War-monger — That the marriage of Russia's Red fascism and Germany's Brown bolshevism was not made in heaven

was demonstrated soon enough by the hellish honeymoon in Poland. It may be safely surmised that there will be plenty of domestic squabbling, mutual distrust, and ultimately ugly divorce proceedings. But that is for the future. At present, the destinies of the two dictatorships are closely linked. Stalin can have no illusions about the sentiments of the democracies toward his regime. The thought of an outright victory for the Western Powers must give him the creeps. The only other eventuality which can scare him nearly as badly is — a smashing victory for Hitler. Stalin can have no doubt that a Third Reich triumphant in Europe would leave little elbow-room for the Russian empire.

There has always been a propensity to over-simplify Russian affairs. People with keen memories will recall the long-ago days when every respectable liberal, in America as elsewhere, had to believe implicitly, fanatically, in salvation by a united front against fascism under Moscow patronage. Anyone low enough to doubt the efficacy of "collective security" with Russian dressing stood self-condemned as a fascist fiend. The intellectual elite regularly foregathered in Bolshevik penthouses to glorify the name of the Kremlin Kleagle, and to damn

heretics who blasphemed that name.

That was all, as we say, in the long-ago — specifically, before August twenty-second, when the Stalin-Hitler nuptials were announced. At present, opinion, sometimes in the same quarters, has swung to the extreme opposite point. Since the Moscow and Berlin dictators are vultures of a feather, they are presumed to be wedded forever in a predatory alliance against Democracy and Civilization. They will divide the world between them (with perhaps a slice for the Mikado if he's good) and live happily ever after.

Both over-simplified versions seem to us equally far-fetched. Stalin is no more the beloved of Hitler now than he ever was the hope of democracy then. He's running the show neither for Earl Browder nor for Fritz Kuhn, but strictly for himself. The clue to his foreign policies is to be found in the fact that Soviet Russia always feared and hated Europe. It always felt safest when Europe was at war within itself, badgered by internal troubles and preparing for foreign struggles. Stalin's business has been to keep the troubles boiling and the struggles popping. If there is a common denominator in all his policies, it can be summed up in

the formula: "War for them — peace for Russia."

Before the advent of Hitler to power, the Kremlin did everything possible to upset the German Republic. Why? Because the Republic was oriented to the Western democracies. Through the League of Nations, Locarno, and other devices it was collaborating with the Versailles Powers. Moscow saw in that the unwelcome possibility of a united Europe. So it made friends demonstratively with Mussolini, as the most vocal anti-Versailles statesman, and in Germany it used the pressure of its great communist movement to help unseat the Republic. True, Stalin probably hoped for a Rightist anti-Versailles regime less drastic than the Nazi totalitarian state. But anything seemed preferable to a politically stable Europe.

The calculations did not quite work out as planned, for reasons that Max Nomad touched on in his article last month, "Behind the Moscow-Berlin Axis." Stalin made no secret of his eagerness to join hands with the Nazis against the World War victors. It was Hitler's stubborn refusal to play that finally forced the Kremlin to lay the parallel "democratic" line, evidenced in a fake constitution at home and fake "democratic" united-

front propaganda by its stooges abroad. In all countries thereafter communist tactics aimed to mobilize and inflame feelings against the fascist Axis to the point of precipitating an early and catastrophic war. That Russia had no intention of itself taking part in such a war, particularly after it had decapitated its armed forces in the purges, is now increasingly clear.

In the most recent crisis, Germany stood practically alone. Italy had given clear notice of its disinclination to fight over the Polish Corridor. Japan was bogged in China. Poland and the Balkan countries had stiffened their resistance to Nazi intimidation. Had Russia thrown its weight on the side of England, France, and Poland, Hitler would have been completely isolated and in all probability stymied.

It was precisely at this point that Stalin stepped in to make sure that the war would not be sidetracked. His economic and political pacts with Germany tipped the balance in deciding Hitler to go through with the risky adventure. The Kremlin's "anti-fascist" policy had not produced war, owing largely to the "appeasement" sentiment in

the democracies. Stalin's heroic attempts to turn the Spanish civil war into an all-European war also failed. His most recent maneuver succeeded brilliantly. Europe is neck-deep in a war. Stalin is safe while it lasts, and in a position to pick up a few pieces without really fighting.

Any common-sense view of the perspectives leads to the belief that the brigand of the Kremlin will do everything he can now to prolong the war, to prevent an early and clear-cut decision. At every critical moment he may be expected to exert his influence to encourage the weaker side to keep going. Hitler was distinctly the weaker side before the war started — Stalin's promise of economic support and aid in finishing off Poland balanced forces to the point where Hitler could start the war. Stalin from this time forward is likely to help Hitler only in the measure necessary to prevent an Allied victory — to keep both sides fighting and bleeding.

When Europe is prostrate, Stalin can march in for the spoils, even as he marched in for the Polish spoils after Germany had done the dirty work.

— E. L.



AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

NOTE from the Woman's and Society Page of the genteel Humboldt *Times of Eureka*:

FERNDALE. — Blessed events in the animal kingdom seem to be accepted with complacency as a general rule, but Bobbie, the Tenth, pure-bred Poland China sow belonging to Arthur Ford of Arcata, caused quite a ripple of excitement at the Humboldt County Fair grounds when she brought forth a fine litter of eleven sturdy little grunters, where she was one of a number of swine exhibits. Both the mother, which tips the scales at about 450 pounds, and her wee porkers are reported to be doing nicely.

THE San Diego *Sun* instructs local youth on current problems:

Test your knowledge of correct social usage by answering the following questions, then checking against the authoritative answers below:

1. Should a young man arrive 10 or 15 minutes early for a date?
2. Is it a good idea for a young man who is interested in making a good impression on a girl to occasionally send her flowers?
3. Should a young man feel that if he can't send a girl expensive flowers, he'd better not send any?

Answers

1. No. Most girls would rather have a man late than early.
2. Yes.
3. No, an inexpensive bouquet pleases most girls as much as expensive flowers.

How the martial spirit of ex-warriors in Emeryville is kept at boiling point is disclosed by officers of "The Cootie," a veterans' organization, in the local *Herald*:

At our regular scratch to be held this coming Wednesday night, we will hold a second and third degree scratch, this being for the benefit of all you Cooties who have not received these degrees. Your eligibility for the second is your activity in the VFW, and that is one of the main reasons why you are a Cootie. For the third degree you have to bring in another member to the Pup Tent, so if you want to take this degree, well just get busy and sign up one of these active VFW members who so far have not been affiliated with the Cooties or if he isn't so very active his association with us Cooties will soon make him that way, so just come in next Wednesday night with his application filled out and the necessary money with it and we'll fix you right up.

FLORIDA

MOON over Miami and romance, from the personal column of the Miami *Herald*:

DEAREST Gardenia: There must be some solution. The last few days have been miserably lonesome. The moon gets bigger each night — the champagne is in the Frigidaire — my heart is in your keeping. Do things, darling. Cry Baby.

AND other strange things that hap-

pen in Miami are hinted at by the same journal:

WORKING man left pants with wallet and savings on parking meter post on South Miami Beach. Please return to 2136 N. W. 18th St.

KANSAS

POETIC but overt warning to the Economic Royalists of Burns, as advertised in the columns of the distinguished Burns *News*:

The man who looks the whole world
in the face,
Whose creditors never round after
him chase,
Is a man to whom we are willing to
lend,
Because on his word we can always
depend;
But the man who quits work to fish
or to play,
And when the sun shines he seldom
makes hay,
May for a time even wear better
clothes
Than most of the people to whom
he yet owes,
But the Burns State Bank has kept
tab on his case,
And knows that his note is not worth
its face.

BURNS STATE BANK

NEW YORK

BUSINESS tries candor, in a Buffalo *Evening News* ad:

Scenic 75 acres, township of Java; nice woods and dam site; good house, damn right better outside than inside.

CORLISS LAMONT, in the *New Masses*, confesses why he became a communist:

Clearly enough, it requires no great intelligence to perceive that the capitalist system, no matter what reforms are enacted, cannot provide the masses of the people, etc.

A NEWS commentator in the New York *Journal-American* clarifies a few matters of naval strategy for ordinary folk:

Then the great Anglo-French armada, thrice the tonnage of all Germany's floating fire power, will steam into the Baltic through the Skagerrak and Kattegat, between the stalactite of Sweden and the stalagmite of Denmark.

A PLEA for democracy, from the advertising columns of the New York *Herald Tribune*:

REQUIRE few thousand dollars to begin manufacture of new deadly poison gas for democracies; formerly with U. S. Bureau of Mines war gas investigations; references; official in charge of gas offensive warfare during World War; professor Polytechnic Institute and others.

WISCONSIN

WALLEN'S GROCERY in Stoughton got tired one day of routine advertising, with this result:

GRUB SALE

This stuff ain't so hot! But we have it, and we're getting tired of looking at it. You probably won't be able to eat any of it. But we sure will express our appreciation if you buy some of this junk and make yourself a penny richer.

APPLE SAUCE — Worms extracted. PEAS, big, wrinkled and tuff.

CANDY BARS, partly unwrapped, picked over.

MACARONI, makes a rotten salad.

TOILET TISSUE, competition to Shears-Sawbuck.

VINEGAR, sour, made from worm-eaten, crabby apples.

AMERICAN CHEESE, shelf worn, mice like it.

MILK, from discontented cows, aged in glass.

CRACKERS, soggy and wet.

SYRUP, white or dark, soured and going to sugar.

BROWN BAKED BEANS swelled & rusted cans.

PINK SALMON, improved, been dead a long time.

SUGAR, dirty, damp & lumpy.

PAPER NAPKINS, all colors — used only twice.

Don't go elsewhere to get cheated, Come Here.

THE wide-awake *Evening News* supplies the Kenosha citizenry with the whole truth:

A woman who was alleged to have been the victim of a hit-and-run auto was not a woman but a man, and he had not been hit by an auto but had fallen at the side of the road in the village after partaking too heavily of spirituous libations.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

REVOLUTION comes to England, as recorded by a columnist in the London *Evening Standard*:

Later in the evening I attended a party, near Lord's, given by the Countess of Huntington. Someone made a speech about Marx House, the Leftist educational establishment, and passed around I.O.U. forms colored a pale non-party

green. There were several Old Etonians present, but no Old School Ties.

"I never wear mine," said Professor J. B. S. Haldane. "It always fades so." Mrs. Harry Pollitt, wife of the Communist leader, spoke with pride of her own old school — Christ's Hospital, dating from the reign of Edward VI.

Champagne cup enlivened the proceedings, which ended in a friendly sing-song.

THE advantages of life under a benevolent monarchy are aptly illustrated by two items in the London *Daily Express*, as excerpted by the *New Statesman and Nation*:

Every child loves making sand-castles.

But the children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent are on holiday where the beach is shingle and there is no sand.

So they are not as lucky as your children at Blackpool or Bognor who can dig and build in the sand the whole day long.

* * *

John Henry Buston, fifteen-year-old baker's boy, regained consciousness in Wrexham Hospital yesterday, but is still unaware that he was knocked down by a car in which three peers were going to golf.

JAPAN

THOUGH bombs rain on Chinese cities, the milk of human kindness doesn't run dry, according to the AP from Tokyo:

Solemn prayer for the souls of 100,000 bullfrogs sacrificed for experimental purposes were offered today by high priests of the Sasa Buddhist Temple.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

The World's Smallest Animal

IN a stagnant brook-pool, unruffled by the main current of the rushing stream, an animal rests and waits. The yellow-eyed herons, wading the watercourse and hunting, do not remark its presence. Darting trout and dace and pickerel pay it no heed. It is a very small animal; as it swims and drifts through its dim world of pond scum and floating frog spawn there is hardly any eye of any preying thing that can detect it. It is a protozoon, an animalcule, smallest and simplest of the beasts. Its name is Paramecium.

It is smaller than a grain of brook sand and as transparent as the water. It has no legs or fins; there is no lung in it, no eye, no ear. It is no more than a speck of tissue, a minimum fragment of aliveness. It is only a body and a mouth. But infinitesimal though it is, and colorless and nearly substanceless, it is an animal. It is, that is to say, a living cell — a cell in no way differing from the cells that in various configurations make up a weasel or a crawfish or a man. It is

possessed, after its fashion, of awareness of its world; it is possessed of the power to move, and the power to eat, and the power to perpetuate its kind. It is not so large as the tip of a moss-frond; its bulk is hardly the hundredth part of a plantain-seed. But it is an animal. It has a life to live.

The Paramecium moves, very slowly, through the murk of the stagnant pool. From its tiny ovoid body there project, like the oars of a myriad-oared galley, delicate threadlike filaments, and these beat forward and backward in a gentle rhythm. They are the Paramecium's cilia, its substitute for legs or wings or fins. By their ceaseless rhythmic beating, forward and backward, forward and backward, the Paramecium is propelled through its world. There is no brain to direct the beating of the cilia, to accelerate them or slow them down. Their behavior is like the behavior of oak leaves, thrusting upward toward the sun, or of chokeberry roots, thrusting downward into the sustaining body of

the earth. As unawares — and as precisely — as these, the Paramecium pursues its obscure destiny among the algae and waterweeds.

On one side of the Paramecium's body there is a narrow opening. This is its mouth. There is no tongue, no jaw, no apparatus; the mouth is simply a groove-like orifice in the Paramecium's body wall. And as the Paramecium drifts and swims now through the dim-lit water, this mouth is busy with feeding. The inside of it is equipped with a multitude of waving and pulsing cilia, even as all the rest of the Paramecium's body-surface is, and the movement of these creates a perpetual tiny current in the water. It is a sufficient current to sweep into the gullet an unceasing stream of microscopic particles — particles of minute aquatic plants, bits of algae, protozoic water-creatures even smaller than the Paramecium. Incessantly, as the Paramecium floats and idles through the water, the oral cilia propel these food bits down its maw and into its interior.

Lacking eyes and ears and legs and mind, the Paramecium lacks also a stomach and circulatory system. Digestion and the assimilation of food take place without them. Instead, as the cilia sweep food into its gullet, there forms at

the gullet's end a food vacuole. This breaks loose from the gullet presently and, swirling into the Paramecium's interior, is embedded in the body stuff itself. Acids are secreted on it, and largely dissolve it, and it is then directly absorbed by the surrounding protoplasm and rendered a part of the Paramecium's living flesh. The whole process of feeding, though so mindless and so simplified, demarks the Paramecium's way of life from the life way of a tree or plant. It denotes the Paramecium a member of the tribe of animals. Presently, as the Paramecium swims slowly onward through the water, there is displayed yet another evidence of its kinship with much larger and more complicated beasts. Out from behind its body as it swims, there issues a little jet of matter. The Paramecium has voided its dung.

II

Even the slow drifting progress of the Paramecium through its unapprehended water world requires — as every animal activity must — a certain energy, a constant conversion of food supply into that vitality which keeps the cilia in motion and makes possible the animal's internal economy. Ceaselessly,

therefore, there goes on in the *Paramecium* an oxidation of the molecules of protoplasm, an intricate process of katabolism. Out of this slow continual combustion comes the energy whereby it moves; from this physiological burning of protoplasm are produced heat and strength and the secretions that make possible the sustenance of life.

As the *Paramecium* moves slowly through the water, sweeping its food into its maw and excreting its feces, it excretes too the end-products of katabolism. These do not pass through an anus, as the waste products of digestion do, but are largely exuded directly through the surface of the body-wall. They are excreted, also, by the contractile vacuoles near either end of the *Paramecium*'s body. A network of infinitesimal canals, radiating from these vacuoles throughout the body, collect the fluids from the protoplasm; the vacuoles, working in alternation, contract spasmodically every fifteen seconds or so, and thus discharge the waste. They are at once a bowel and a lung, for a part of the matter they expel is carbon dioxide. The *Paramecium*, like every other animal on earth, is a consumer of oxygen. It takes it in directly, by absorption through the surface of its body, and the expul-

sive contractions of the vacuoles are, as it were, the *Paramecium*'s outbreathings.

After its fashion, then, the slow-drifting *Paramecium* follows the life pattern of its greater brother beasts. It feeds, breathes, voids its droppings. And it has, as well, certain adventures and experiences. Occasionally, as it glides purposelessly and without direction among the stones and brook plants, it is sensible of the impact of a current against its flesh. When this happens, the *Paramecium* turns its course and swims counter to the current's flow. Again, sometimes, the *Paramecium* approaches a part of the water where there is a concentration of salt. As quickly, then, as the recoil of certain vine tendrils when they encounter a hostile touch, the *Paramecium* retreats. It retreats, too, from those places where the water has been too greatly warmed by the sun, and seeks out instead a locality with a temperature of about 70°.

The force that guides the *Paramecium* in these affairs — that subtly directs it to flee, for instance, from water tainted with acetic acid, that moves it, when attacked by another protozoon, to explode its minute organs called trichocysts and to hurl out from them a mass of grappling-threads

— that force must perennially remain unnamed. It is what animates the pupa of a promethea moth, when it wriggles responsively inside its horny capsule. It is what pervades a hairy-stemmed fly-trap plant as it closes its cold green leaf jaws on the struggling body of a gnat.

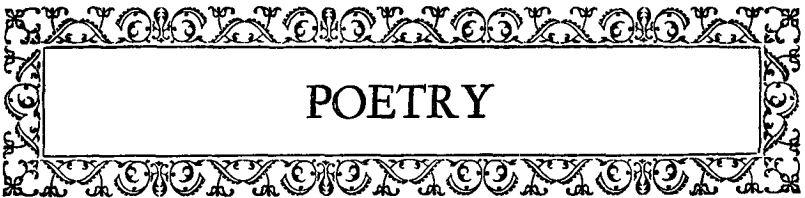
The Paramecium has no reproductive organs. But now and again its slow drifting and floating are interrupted, and it lies tight coupled with another Paramecium, forming between the surfaces of the two bodies a protoplasmic bridge. A part of the nucleus of the one animal flows forth and fuses with the nucleus of the other; there takes place a mutual blending of living flesh. This is the creatures' fertilization rite, akin to the matings of sparrows and moles and deer. It is the preface to that phenomenon which is the climax of the Paramecium's life and which is called binary fission.

The Paramecium, when its time for reproduction comes, does not perpetuate its kind by giving birth. Instead it contrives pos-

terity by the division of itself. There comes a moment when its nucleus — the innermost core of its being — splits and separates into two parts. At once the Paramecium's whole body quickly narrows at the center, like a seed-pod pinched between fingers, and the narrowness rapidly increases until the two body halves are joined only by a flimsy link of tissue. Presently that last link is wholly severed, and in that instant what formerly was a single Paramecium has become a pair. Volitionless and uncognizant as their forerunner, they glide away now through the murky water to travel wherever their waving cilia may carry them, to feed and drift unknowingly and void their excrement, and presently, within a day or so, to divide themselves and become not two Paramecia but four.

The Paramecium has no consciousness, no knowing, hardly more aliveness than a burdock root. But in a quite real sense it does have — what is far stranger than these commonest animal endowments — the gift of immortality.





POETRY

UNGATHERED GRAPES

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE bunch of grapes my pickers did not find
Hangs here with autumn moonlight on its rind;
The color that hid it well from thrifty eyes
Betrays it to the moon a larger size.

It shall hang there safe for all of me,
It would be wrong to touch what seems to be
A free-will offering, though made against the grain,
To brief northern sunshine and the rain.

I wonder who will win this bag of booty
When frost will thin these leaves and bare its beauty?
Maybe the crow in glossy winter cloak
Who comes to call when chimneys do not smoke.

Or it may be that master-thief, the jay,
The curious, nervous squirrel, red or gray,
Or on a night of frost the sharp raccoon's
Frosty eyes may spy these clustered moons.

Or they may fall before the fieldmouse's nose
Where he walks moonlight on his careful toes.
But whatsoever creature is the one,
These grapes will bring him back the summer sun.

It is a lovely thought to leave behind:
These grapes that have the moonlight for their rind,
Fruit for the wild and not for lips of mine,
Mean more than all I harvested from the vine.

THE UNLEASHED

BY HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

THIS I consider more than terrible —
To watch the invisible turn visible
As thoughts, unleashed, leap out upon men's faces,
Glare from their eyes; to know that what replaces
Faith and tolerance in men toward men
Has cankered into hate — that once again
The beast, in all the power of his might,
Stalks through the fearful valleys of the night.
Soon all the earth is shaken with his cry.
Though men strike blindly at him till they die,
He ravages the hill, the field, the wood,
Until the very rivers run with blood.
Then men try sacrifice of ewe and ram —
But he is not content without the lamb.
At last full-gorged where blood flows warm and deep,
The sated beast, exhausted, sinks to sleep;
While, on their knees beneath the silent stars,
Men pray to rid their faces of his scars.

VIKING PIONEER

BY JOSEPH LANGLAND

ALONE against the horizon and the sky
He walks all day behind the horse and plow
turning the wet green sod clumps up to dry
in a new country. He stops by a forest bough
at the edge of field to give his horse a rest;
and in the clear vision of his memory
far, far beyond the timber in the west
he watches mountain inlets to the sea
along the Norwegian coast, the familiar shore
where his father's father gathered in his nets
and his ancestors rowed their boats before
upon abundant waters. He never forgets
those things, yet whistling and picking up the reins
he walks with pride upon the American plains.

THE LIBRARY

All in the Name of Anthropology

BY BURTON RASCOE

WHEN a man spends the greater part of his academic life chasing around measuring human skulls with a pair of calipers, I guess you've just naturally got to expect him to go a little gaga after a while. In fact, gaga-itis — either in the benign or malignant form — seems to be an occupational disease among anthropologists, especially among those who go in for the higher phrenology and get themselves mixed up with a lot of figures on cephalic indexes. Earnest A. Hooton, professor of anthropology at Harvard University, presents one of the most “interesting” (clinically speaking) cases of gaga-itis I have ever been called upon to inspect.¹ And I have observed some beauts — from Gobineau and Lombroso to Madison Grant and F. D. Crookshank, M.D., F.R.C.P., and from Jean Carrère and Max Nordau to R. Austen Freeman and C. J. Patten, M.D., Sc.D., F.R.A.I.

Gaga-itis as an occupational disease is not, strictly speaking, limited to anthropologists. Indeed, it is more or less endemic among economists, politicians, editorial writers, military experts, psychiatrists, neurologists, radio commentators, literary critics, and others afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi* or the *cacoethes vocandi* or both; and it amounts to a downright plague among columnists. Yet among anthropologists the disease is to be seen in its most advanced stages, ranging all the way from the harmless haywireism of Crookshank to the purulence in Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Lothrop Stoddard, and Joseph Goebbels. But, of course, there are some anthropologists (chiefly among those who have diversified their interests and not handled too many skulls) who appear to be immune to the disease.

The premonitory symptoms of the disease are easy to detect. At first the patient begins to show

¹ *Twilight of Man*, by Earnest A. Hooton. \$3.00. Putnam.

signs of *anabasilogocephalis*, or a rush of long words to the head, with a marked tendency to repeat the words "dolichocephalic," "brachycephalic," and "mesaticephalic" when "long-headed," "broad-headed," and "medium-headed" would do just as well. Associated with this symptom may be a diminution of the word sense to the point where the patient uses words without any clear idea of, or any reference to, their meaning. Thus Prof. Hooton persistently applies the word "science" to anthropology, whereas anthropology, so far, is not a science at all but a sort of haphazard hobby, the most distinguished results in which have been achieved by amateurs like Schliemann, Petrie, Westermarck, Ellis, Doughty, and semi-professionals like Margaret Mead and Frans Blom. As a concomitant of the diminution of the word sense, the patient is likely to exhibit (1) a tendency to indulge in a mixture of simple newspaper Sunday supplement platitudes and muddled pronunciamentos, delivered in an oracular manner; and (2) a marked disposition to break out in jeremiads to the effect that people are just a bunch of morons — speaker and present company excepted — and that the world is going to the dimnition bow-wows.

Prof. Hooton displays all the familiar symptoms and has an idiosyncratic one so extremely rare that I don't recall ever having observed it among anthropologists before. Prof. Hooton wants to be funny. Some anthropologists *are* funny — without meaning to be so — like Crookshank, with his Mongoloid bug, who thinks he can tell whether you are collaterally descended from a chimpanzee, an orang, or a gorilla from the way you squat. But Prof. Hooton is under the delusion that he is a comical fellow. Witness this sample:

"As the education of women has become broader, their figures have become narrower." Prof. Hooton is afraid you wouldn't get that one; so, he illustrates it with puerile drawings of four women. One has wide hips and is carrying a copy of a novel by Felicia Hemans; another sticks out behind and at the bust. Both are marked "1910." One girl in short skirts with narrow hips is smoking a cigarette and carrying a copy of the *New Republic* and the last, in slacks with practically no behind, is reading a book marked "Freud." These two are labeled "1939." Another sample:

As democratic observers of fascism and communism, which are chasing each other around Robin Hood's barn, I think we ought to emulate the philosophical detachment of a certain hardy

American pioneer. This individual returned from the hunt one day to find his wife running round and round their log cabin pursued by a bear. With characteristic Anglo-Saxon chivalry and resourcefulness, the husband mounted to the roof of the cabin, seated himself upon the ridgepole, and shouted "Go it wife! Go it b'ar!" I suppose he figured that the odds against the maintenance of his own personal liberty were equally long in either outcome.

After that, I think perhaps I had better not quote any more examples of the professor's levity. But that final sentence is fairly illustrative of Prof. Hooton's propensity for regarding his readers and his listeners as specimens among the lower order of primates, to whom he is trying patiently to teach a few elementary tricks in order to demonstrate that they show some slight evidence of being able to think. And condescension can scarcely go any further than this complacent *non sequitur*:

A virtually unanimous condemnation of my view of man suggests that it may be right, since the disapprobation of the unintelligent is the hallmark of merit and of truth.

II

Well, and what is this astounding view of man which Prof. Hooton flatters himself is virtually unanimously condemned? It is a view you have heard expressed, off and

on, ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper. It is not "a view"; it is a number of "views" of the sort which sometimes make the Sunday supplements when some college professor breaks from his cell with a horrible yell about machines stultifying man's intelligence and ruining his morals, viz.:

Then we cap the climax by substituting for the ordinary animal method of locomotion the conveyance of a stinking mechanical contraption, which more than any other invention of modern civilization is responsible for bodily and mental atrophy, the breakdown of social organization, and the decay of public and private morals . . .

The notion that the multiplication of time-saving and labor-saving devices is relieving us of the necessity of thinking anything out for ourselves, and thus contributing to the atrophy of our intelligence, is a hardy perennial among college professors who write for the *American Journal of Sociology*, the *Journal of Psychology*, and other pedagogical periodicals. I remember that as far back as 1912 an associate professor of psychology at Nebraska State University got into a great dither because the paper wrappers of cracker boxes carried the instruction, "Cut along this line," and wrote an article saying that this only goes to show that people are losing their intelli-

gence so fast that they can't even open up a cracker box without being told how.

Prof. Hooton's book is full of this sort of bouncing up and down in indignation. Just listen to him:

How long are we to continue in the belief that the accumulation of knowledge implies a proportionate increase in the intelligence of human beings who contribute to that knowledge not one iota? How long shall we delude ourselves with the idea that we can remake man himself by infinite education and skilful readjustment of human institutions? How long must we pretend that representative government is intelligent when it is chosen to represent an unintelligent majority?

Just what such rhetorical questions as those have to do with anthropology you may well wonder. But they do give you a clue to the principal, rather fly-blown, arguments in the book which, boiled down, come to just this: (1) Man is only an ape that has lost his tail, and, despite the boasts of evolution, he retains most of his simian characteristics; (2) by measuring skulls, both prehistoric and modern, and gathering data on hair, noses, lips, teeth, ears, and eyebrows, anthropologists have divided up the peoples of the earth into various classifications and subdivisions such as Nordic, Alpine, Mediterranean, Negroid, Mongoloid, Dinaric, Armenoid, Iranian, Bush-

man-Hottentot, etc., and are fighting like hell over the data and over what to call this kind of skull and that one; (3) the race, instead of evolving into a higher species, is rapidly retrogressing owing to the invention of machines, the impairment of the physical organs because we no longer live in the woods, eat natural foods and swing from limb to limb, and because we are such idiotic humanitarians that we patch up the weak and provide hospitals for the care of the unwell, instead of allowing them to die (if you don't believe Prof. Hooton says that, read pages 279 and 280); (4) we ought to practice eugenics and sterilize the mentally and physically deficient and unfit; (5) it is a waste of time and money to send most kids to college because they are just a lot of moron sons and daughters of moronic parents anyhow, and all the education you give them won't do them a bit of good; (6) democracy is a bust and always will be, because there isn't a handful of people in any community that has enough sense to come in out of the rain; (7) there isn't a ghost of a chance that Liberty will survive because FDR is in the White House, Chamberlain is in Downing Street, and because

Democracy in a population of stupid and predacious men is an impossibility.

Since unintelligent individuals and ignorant individuals are by virtue of these deficiencies intolerant of intelligence and knowledge, since they in fact hate those whom they suspect to be superior to themselves, the suffrages of morons inevitably put into office persons of similar endowment, or men who successfully substitute for real intelligence a kind of low cunning.

From these premises Prof. Hooton runs right smack into their logical development and, moreover, without bothering about the contradictory arguments elsewhere in his book, notably the last chapter, he accepts and propounds these logical developments, namely that democracies are full of morons who can't vote intelligently so they bring about a condition in which a dictatorship is necessary.

III

Inasmuch as Prof. Hooton calls Joseph Arthur, Comte de Gobineau's *Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races* crackpot and charlatan, I can only conclude that he read Gobineau very long ago, and knows nothing about Gobineau's distinguished career as an Orientalist, diplomat, and writer of exquisite romances, friend and adviser to Alexis de Tocqueville, who wrote *The Spirit of the Laws*, and admired by Merimée and Barbey d'Aurevilly; and I can only conclude that

Prof. Hooton doesn't realize that he himself has absorbed Gobineau at second hand, through the degrading filter of Houston Stewart Chamberlain and others who vulgarized Gobineau's theories. Or that he spouts impure Gobineau without knowing what his sources are. Although Prof. Hooton himself adopts Gobineau's Aryan and other racial classifications and reiterates Gobineau's attacks upon the underlying principles of democracy, he accuses Gobineau of being a crackpot who cooked up a fallacious justification for German persecution of Jewish minorities. That is a common and vulgar view of Gobineau's theories. Gobineau was neither a crackpot nor a charlatan; and, being a Jew himself, it is preposterous to imagine that he would set doctrines afoot that would justify pogroms. Gobineau was a provocative critic of the fundamental assumptions of nineteenth century democratic theory; he was an individualist with an amoral, anti-humanitarian conception of history, a believer in the ultimate possibility of a superman by eugenic development, a believer in the extermination of the unfit — just like Prof. Hooton, although his language was moderate, whereas Prof. Hooton's is more like Houston Stewart Chamberlain's.

One of the chapters in *Twilight of Man* is a paper read on the opening of Jewish Book Week in Boston in May 1938. It is called "An Anthropological Appraisal of the Jewish People." I cannot believe that many Jews will congratulate themselves upon the grotesque flattery of that address. Prof. Hooton implied that all Jews were geniuses; that inbreeding, homogeneity of culture, and social and racial exclusiveness had made the Jews the one and only race in the world with a superior intelligence. Then, obviously unaware of his contradiction and condescension, he advised the Jews to disappear as a race by intermarriage with non-Semitic types and reminded them that although all of them are individual geniuses, "geniuses are not usually likable individuals" and

"they are likely to be socially inept."

Since I wouldn't give two hoots for that sort of "scientific thought," I suggest that you read, instead, *The Southern Poor White*,¹ by Shields McIlwaine, a study of the crackers, woolhats, dirt-eaters, cajuns, white trash, hill-billies, and share-croppers in the literature of the South. Even if the book does lead up to the conclusion that some of Prof. Hooton's theories of inbreeding result in Jeeter Lesters and that Southern literature dealing with the underdog reaches its apotheosis in Caldwell's *Tobacco Road*, it is full of valuable and interesting ethnological, etymological, and sociological research matter.

¹ *The Southern Poor White: From Lubberland to Tobacco Road*, by Shields McIlwaine. University of Okla. Press. \$2.50.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

FICTION

WATCH FOR THE DAWN, by Stuart Cloete. \$2.50. Houghton Mifflin. The author of *The Turning Wheels* writes another natural story of the Boers in South Africa and their struggle with the English. Mr. Cloete knows his locale and people so intimately that little

of the solemnity of the veldt or the pungency of Africa escapes him. The hard and ruthless struggle of the Boer, encroaching upon the native, himself encroached upon by the English, is epic timber and Mr. Cloete has hewn to the mark.

SAILOR OFF THE BREMEN AND OTHER STORIES, by Irwin Shaw. \$2.00. *Random House*. Mr. Shaw's violent and irrepressible prose has the incongruous quality of being charming and brutal at the same time. He writes as if all his characters, whether sheriff or communist, punch-drunk fighter or football pro, wife-beater or would-be suicide, were his best friends. Sometimes the trick of serving up a filling of passionate tenderness between two slices of sadism is wearying, but for the most part the author has full control over his equipment. His dialogues between bartenders, baseball fans, children, and lovers are first-rate; he can bend the cliché into a work of art and turn the wisecrack into a thing of beauty. "Mussolini!" snorts the argumentative waiter. "Every day on Broadway I pass forty-five actors who could do his act better."

THE BRIDE, by Margaret Irwin. \$2.50. *Harcourt Brace*. Another seventeenth-century historical romance made readable by Miss Irwin's unerring sense of pageantry. Her occasional anachronistic departures in tone do not interfere with the gallant tale of the Marquis of Montrose who sought to win Scotland for King Charles II and Princess Louise of Bohemia.

SHANGHAI '37, by Vicki Baum. \$2.75. *Doubleday Doran*. The bomb dropped on the Shanghai Hotel in 1937 affords the *raison d'être* for Miss Baum's latest and best integrated story. Nine lives were lost in that explosion, and utilizing the plan of *Grand Hotel* she traces the careers of these unfortunates through a maze of interlocking relations. There is credulous, childlike Ruth who has just returned from assisting at the birth of a Chinese child. Yoshio Murata is caught "in the politeness of a bow." Chang, the father, held in contempt by his son dies together, with him. Kurt Planke, a refugee in a lost world, meets a death as illogical as his history. Through the list Vicki Baum strums with vivid sensitivity a number of meaningful chords to a meaningless conclusion.

MONKSHOOD, by Eden Phillpotts. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Slow-motion murder with dialogue thick enough to strangle an Elizabethan — that is, if the deadly monkshood, "a poisonous plant that flourished down by a stream near a sequestered English hamlet," doesn't offer interest.

DOCTOR'S ORAL, by George R. Stewart. \$2.00. *Random House*. Joe Grantland takes his oral exam for his Ph.D. and his girl gets pregnant; but despite the learning suggested, it doesn't match up as a Rover Boy story.

ANOTHER CYNTHIA, by Doris Leslie. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Prettily turned novel in the form of a memoir of an adventurous English lassie of the last century, with a running commentary by the writer. An O. Henry wind-up concludes a swift-moving story.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN, by Francis Hackett. \$2.75. *Doubleday Doran*. Wilful Anne Boleyn and her time make sound novelist's copy and good cinema fodder. Mr. Hackett does a pointed job of gracious portrayal, but too often his restraint curbs excessively the gusty scenes of sixteenth century lustiness. Perhaps an Anne who did not so deliberate her spontaneity would strike closer home. Withal this is careful workmanship and makes right smart reading.

BROAD IS THE WAY, by Emerson Waldman. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Somewhat reminiscent of *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*. The prototype is the Southern son of an immigrant who wants to hit the financial big time and doesn't care on whose necks he plants his heels. Heavy inter-family conflicts abound, and the general movement is bogged in melodrama.

DOUBLE BLACKMAIL, by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. If you can find it credible that a blackmailer can operate successfully on an English cleric because fifty years before his father had committed bigamy the rest of this mystery will be acceptable.

BIOGRAPHY

I LOST MY ENGLISH ACCENT, by C. V. R. Thompson. \$2.00. *Putnam*. Mr. Thompson didn't quite lose his accent but he found material for a volume which is hilariously serious. The English correspondent found Broadway in daylight hideous — "The ties displayed in the nasty little haberdashers' shops seem as if they were made from sliced spumoni. The gramophone records blaring from the nasty little music shops remind me of the outside of a Barcelona brothel. The black lace underwear in the nasty little women's shops remind me of the inside of a Barcelona brothel." His behind-the-scenes account of the reception to King George and Queen Elizabeth belongs in the annals, but altogether the book would have lost nothing by the omission of reiterated acknowledgment of loyalty to dear old England and the Crown.

KEAN: Paradoxical Genius, by Giles Playfair. \$3.50. *Dutton*. Colorful, engrossing account of the turbulent life of Edmund Kean — in the author's words a "stupendous success as an actor and a lamentable failure as a man." An outstanding stage biography, abounding in atmosphere of the period.

HOLLYWOOD SAGA, by William de Mille. \$3.50. *Dutton*. Hollywood in its embryonic days. The author, together with his brother Cecil, was an outstanding figure in the development of the movies, and where he writes of personal experiences in movie-making his saga is full of flavor. At least half the book, however, is devoted to tiresome elucidations of obvious phases of the films.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD, by Enid Starkie. \$3.75. *Norton*. A brilliant, beautiful book on the enchanted youth who came out of a French province to impress for all time his influence on modern poetry only to disappear at 19 and become an African trader. Why did the boy who was a master in his art scornfully desert it to sweat years away in Somali and

Ethiopia "implicated in the slave trade and the illicit gun-traffic?" If the author doesn't satisfactorily answer this question, she at least offers some interesting hypotheses.

ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS, by Nicholas Murray Butler. \$3.75. *Scribners*. The first volume of the autobiography of the President of Columbia University, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is as chilly and charmless as a dreary winter morning. Nevertheless, its sheer cataloging of personages and events should appeal strongly to readers with a taste for reminiscence for reminiscence's sake. He writes at one point: "It is literally true, I think, that beginning with Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Cardinal Newman, and Pope Leo XIII, it has been my happy fortune to meet, to talk with and often to know in warm friendship almost every man of light and leading who has lived in the world during the past half-century." His record of these contacts is interesting, though not especially illuminating.

HENRY GEORGE, by Albert Jay Nock. \$2.50. *Morrow*. Mr. Nock's biases are set forth with such charming certitude that it is only with second reading that the question of adequate evidence arises. Henry George "was one of the greatest of philosophers, and the spontaneous concurring voice of all his contemporaries acclaimed him as one of the best of men." If many will be reluctant to accept this superlative estimate they will, at least, agree with Mr. Nock that "In the midst of an evil and perverse generation he walked worthily; in a welter of the worst passions and the meanest prejudices he remained innocent, sincere, steadfast."

FROM ANOTHER WORLD, by Louis Untermeyer. \$3.00. *Harcourt Brace*. The autobiography of Mr. Untermeyer, retired jewelry manufacturer and poet-anthologist, is a gentle *bouillabaisse* of the incidents and people that made up the onetime entrancing circle of middle-class bohemianism. The blithesome world of snappy comeback and

fiery pose is somehow in Mr. Untermyer's mind still an important one. But cigar-smoking Amy Lowell, execratory H. L. Mencken, Vachel Lindsay and his fantasies have been niched; the dusk is fallen. There are spots — the anecdotes of the old *Mases*, evaluations of certain individuals — where mellowness and interest merge.

MY ROAD TO INDIA, by Nilla Cram Cook. \$2.75. *Lee Furman*. Miss Cook is the unpredictable child of a spoilt era. In her autobiography, written while she is under thirty, she bares her soul and offers evidence that with money, modernism, and freedom one can have an exciting time. The so-called philosophic portions indicate a shallow but picturesque submersion in Indian mysticism. Poetry, perfume, and flowers fill the pages. But those who peek will find plenty of entertainment in this amazing record of a woman fleeing herself.

MISCELLANEOUS

STEP BY STEP 1936-1939, by Winston S. Churchill. \$4.00. *Putnams*. Collection of fortnightly letters which the sometime critic of His Majesty's Government issued over three years, revealing the present Cabinet Minister as the most articulate and vigorous exponent of energetic Empire strategy. The British Empire has come upon hard times and Mr. Churchill holds that it will be arms rather than effete diplomacy that will maintain it. His closeness with the British Intelligence makes these letters a highly informative and valuable series.

IN SEARCH OF PEACE, by Neville Chamberlain. \$3.50. *Putnams*. Mr. Chamberlain describes himself in the foreword as "a man of peace to the depths of my soul. . . . To me war is not only the cruellest but the most senseless method of settling international disputes." There can be no question but that these collected speeches written in his peculiarly inhibited and yet personal idiom published before the start of the European War justify the belief that the British Prime

Minister sees disaster for Europe in the struggle. It will be interesting to observe how far his Government goes toward taking profit out of war as Mr. Chamberlain proposed in April of this year.

IN DEFENSE OF FRANCE, by Edouard Daladier. \$2.50. *Doubleday Doran*. Without much subtlety the French Premier takes the initial step in what seems to be an organized campaign to woo Uncle Sam. In his "To America" M. Daladier tells how, when he visits the peasant countryside, he frequently hears the peasants say, "How unfortunate it is not to be able to establish understanding with the whole world! At least, though, there is the consolation that there are peoples we can always understand, the Americans for example. They ask nothing but to live and to work in peace. They're like us." Those who have talked with the Premier's countrymen may find it hard to take these sweet words.

DEMOCRACY: TODAY AND TOMORROW, by Eduard Benes. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The first World War and the present war — not yet begun when Dr. Benes wrote his essay — both receive justification as wars for democracy. At the time of writing Russia was still believed "anti-fascist," so Dr. Benes engages in the familiar sophistry to include her in the "peace front." "Soviet Russia," he notes, "after the elimination of Trotsky elaborated a stable political, legal, social, and economic system under the leadership of Stalin." But even while the former president of Czechoslovakia was stretching a point, ignoring Russia's purges, terror, and intellectual stultification so that she might be considered an ally, Stalin was getting ready to proclaim the Soviet-Nazi pact.

BIG BUSINESS AND RADIO, by Gleason L. Archer. \$4.00. *American Historical Co.* (New York). Comprehensive, valuable account of the development of radio as a business. Facts rather than glamour; and much inside dope on the vicissitudes of the burgeoning business.

LET THE RECORD SPEAK, by Dorothy Thompson. \$2.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. A perusal of these picked columns is sufficient proof that Miss Thompson's wide popularity rests on no special sharpness of analysis or extensive knowledge of world affairs. Her admirers flock to her banner because each views himself as a partner in her thinking — which he may well be since Miss Thompson glorifies the Great American Hunch and adds distinction to the popular prejudices. But she adds a fervent emotional quality rare in American journalism; her break with smart-aleckism in political columning merits praise.

IRON BREW, by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Holbrook's record of a century of American ore and steel is a bright, hard story written without sentimentality but with imagination. It is all here: the swift, magical transformation of iron ore into steel; the devil-be-damned tycoons who carved the mountains into millions and sweated their men; the grim conflicts and the immigrant multitudes whose lives are as surely a part of America's steel framework as Mesabi ore and Pennsylvania coke. Strong men, leading charmed lives, have grown up in the industry and legendary tales will follow in their wake. Mr. Holbrook tells them all, in a fascinating book.

THE MUSEUM IN AMERICA, by Laurence Vail Coleman. 3 volumes. \$7.50. *American Association of Museums*, (Washington). The director of the American Association of Museums has written an elaborate essay on the 2500 museums in the United States whose operating income exceeds \$18,000,000 annually. The sombre hue of the present world situation by no means discourages Mr. Coleman. "It has happened, time and again in the course of history," he notes, "that museums have made their best progress when foundations of things have been shaken. Now, in our greatly troubled times, they have a very good chance to reach new heights of achievement that financial dispositions of the future will find the ways to support."

SCIENCE TODAY AND TOMORROW, by Waldemar Kaempffert. \$2.50. *Viking*. Mr. Kaempffert has made the task of what he calls the "vulgarizer of science" into a dignified and significant function. Scorning sensationalism, he is able to transfer his own justified excitement over recent scientific progress to his audience by means of vivid description and simple interpretation. Here he considers such apparently diverse problems as those presented by new information on the exploding stars and the effect of advancing technology on democracy. He points to a close integration of science and sociology. Showing how democracy rose with modern machine economy, he adds: "Yet there is no denying that as against a ruling military caste of hereditary aristocrats, invention has another ruling caste of technologists and financiers." It is this new ruling group, he says, that threatens democracy and, incidentally, free science. Ultimately its way is dictatorship — a "planning" of society by all-powerful politicians and experts. As an alternative the believers in democracy must "invent socially and save itself from the dictatorial planning of fascism and communism." In science Mr. Kaempffert finds hope for evading the catastrophe.

WAR GAZETTEER: A Timely Book of Facts, compiled by Bryce Oliver. 25¢. *World Wide Advertising Corp.* (New York). Significant dates, facts, and figures concerning the Second World War, arranged in terse, compact form. Covers practically all that has happened so far.

POETRY

THIS, MY LETTER, by Sara Henderson Hay. \$2.00. *Knopf*. At times Miss Hay slides into routine patterns, resorting to sleek thoughts with a sugar-coating of correctly clothed words. Nevertheless, in some of her poetry there is the sabre-touch of a craftsman. The best here are extremely readable, and contrast all the more with the indifferently phrased poems also included.

THE OPEN FORUM

SAFEGUARDING NEUTRALITY

SIR: As a democratic measure to relieve the pressure on the U. S. Government to enter the war, I propose the following: The establishment of a corporation to be named something like Volunteers Corporation, stock to be sold to the public. The corporation will accept applications of all those interested in contributing money or services to the cause of democracy. The Johnson Act makes it unlawful for Americans to lend money to governments in default on war debts; hence money contributions will be straight contributions, not loans. Those interested in entering the service of the democracies will be required to relinquish their protective rights as American citizens. Transportation of volunteers will be arranged by the corporation.

The advantage of such a scheme is that those who clamor for the United States to enter the war will be given the opportunity to enter themselves. It should serve as a brake upon irresponsible young jingoes who may be chastened by the immediacy of active service. The corporation could serve as an outlet for American sympathies for the cause of democracy — a sort of emotional safety valve. The difficulties of the plan are equally obvious — the possible conflict of such activities with the neutrality of the government must be more carefully studied. Whether such a scheme would remove the pressure of those with large European investments is rather doubtful. War as a solution of the unemployment problem may also appeal to some groups. However, the effectiveness of propaganda from such groups might be reduced, since those accenting the propaganda could be asked to enlist via the corporation.

MONROE LAZERE

Tucson,
Arizona.

SIR: In your April issue you published an exceedingly strong article by Charles A. Beard entitled "We're Blundering into War." It seems to me that the best service you can render to our country is to republish the article now — and follow it up with others like it.

IRMGARD S. CHRISTMAS

Long Beach,
California.

STAR OVER CHICAGO

SIR: I wish Grenville Vernon, who had such nice things to say about the theatrical star system in your October issue, lived here in Chicago. Then he could see John Barrymore in *My Dear Children* and observe what awful results the star system can have. Mr. Barrymore is giving a one-man circus here every night, disregarding completely his script, his supporting cast, and the intelligence of his audiences. Sometimes he even makes so much noise that he drowns out his prompter — who, it would seem, is the most indispensable person in the show. Altogether Mr. B. is going to town.

I think Mr. Vernon would be mighty glad to see one of the well-integrated, star-less performances of which he is so scornful, if he could see the Barrymore performance just once. He may say that Barrymore is an extreme case, but twenty-five years of play-going have convinced me that every actor really yearns to act just as John Barrymore is acting now. All they need is the chance, and the star system alone gives it.

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR

Chicago.

SAY IT IN VERSE

SIR: Political argument about Relief, housing, etc., has become so loud and intense that we forget they refer to the welfare of real human beings, not abstractions. As a healthy reminder, I urge you to publish this comment in verse by Sara Margaret Pollock:

Politician to "Slummy"

BY SARA MARGARET POLLOCK

Child of the slum, have patience dear,
What matters if you wait another year
And yet another
For your place in the sun?
"Time is of the essence" —
Only in matters political.
No, say not so,
We — hypocritical?
It pains us sore to see your rickets
In God's good time, you'll be happy as crickets
Wait, possess your soul in perseverance
We'll get round to this Slum Clearance.
Space and sunlight?
We don't begrudge it
But little one,
Consider the fiscal year and the budget.
Alas, the heavy burden on the poor taxpayer
Down on your knees little tot,
For him in prayer!

E. S. L.

*Brooklyn,
New York.*



REAL VIRGINIANS

SIR: I have just read Isabel Lundberg's article "The Millionaire Lunatic Fringe" in your September number. As the son of a Virginian and as a citizen of Maryland may I comment on it? Reference is made to "the Greenhalghs of Berryville, Virginia." Now the Greenhalghs may have moved to Virginia, but they are not Virginians any more than Americans who move to England are English. Some time ago there was a sensational newspaper report of an incident near Warrenton, Virginia, when a "society" editor of a Washington paper was tarred and feathered by

persons described in the press dispatches as "Virginians." It turned out that the ring-leader in that affair was from Pittsburgh, the other two from somewhere else — but none involved were Virginians.

In the same article it states that "the Maryland hunting set" have fox heads on their epidermes. Here again, the set referred to is made up almost entirely, I believe, of people who have moved to Maryland from other states, and Maryland should hardly be blamed for their curious ways. After all, Maryland and Virginia are pretty decent places in this topsy-turvy world. Their people have faults, but it seems just a little unfair to load them up with the doings of persons in "The Millionaire Lunatic Fringe."

WALTER H. BUCK

Baltimore.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEACE?

SIR: While President Roosevelt is busy re-organizing the Cabinet he should change the name of the War Department to the Department of Army, in conformity with the actual status which that Department represents. It is very confusing and, as every psychologist knows, contrary to the Peace ideal that a great nation such as ours should have a department of Government apparently devoted to *War*. To re-title this department as Department of Army, which it really is, would set a worthy example for the rest of the world to follow.

ERASTUS IRVING

*La Mesa,
California.*



MR. DEVOE ADMITS

SIR: I read with much interest the article by Alan Devoe in the August *MERCURY*, but I am pained to say that Mr. Devoe is rather muddled in his facts and conclusions. He lays down the principle that surface is larger in proportion to weight in a small animal than in a large one. Hence radiation of body heat is

greater, and food intake greater, *in proportion to weight*, in a small animal than in a large one. Very well; but how does the author draw the conclusion that animals are larger in the Tropics (where the mean temperature is higher and therefore the radiation from the body less per square inch) than in cold climates?

If a species needs more cooling surface in a given locality, it should by all the laws of logic become smaller in that locality in order to have *more cooling surface per unit of weight*. So much for abstract reasoning.

I have personally hunted white-tail deer in Pennsylvania, the Andes, and the forest of Ecuador. The place it gets coldest is Pennsylvania, and the deer there are the largest; the place that is hottest is obviously in the equatorial forest, where I have found the deer the smallest.

Making a list of the largest animals known, we have among them the Kodiak grizzly, woolly mammoth, Irish deer, moose, timber wolf, Manchurian tiger, and aurochs. All come from cold climates.

Of course, there are a number of large rodents in the Tropics which do not exist in the northern countries, but I question the statement made by Mr. Devoe that "the animals of any given species are a little larger in the Tropics, and a little smaller in the North."

EDGAR W. RIEBE

Quito,
Ecuador.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: Mr. Riebe is quite right. The animals of any given species are indeed of smaller average size in hot than in cold regions. At this late date I don't know how it came about that my lengthy exposition of the reasons for this fact was so quaintly capped by a stunningly inaccurate sentence which blandly averred the exact reverse. I fear that I committed the slip in a moment of wool-gathering.

ALAN DEVOE

Hillsdale,
New York.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

SIR: Apropos of John Tunis's article on professionalism in college football, I heard a story about a football-scholarship player who was thrown out of a big university at the end of the football season. He got pretty sore about it, and promptly sued the university — under the Workmen's Compensation Act!

JOSEPH LORBER

Kansas City,
Missouri.

STICKING UP FOR SILVER

SIR: Why is it that nobody seems able to write about Silver without raising a temperature? In "The Silver Swindle" by Herbert Corey in your September issue the general charge is that all bimetalists are either knaves or fools. In the good old days when the gold standard was the gold standard this was good argument. Is it so sound today when there is not a single paper currency in the world redeemable in gold?

I suppose that Mr. Corey will admit that for a long time there have been upon the statute books acts (a) establishing a silver coin to be known as "a dollar" weighing 412 1/2 grains of silver 90 fine; (b) authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay for bullion deposited at the mints with "coin certificates representing coin in the Treasury"; and (c) authorizing the issuance of "silver certificates." None of the present Senators, so far as I know, had any responsibility for the enactment of these laws. One effect of the foregoing is to fix the *coinage value* of an ounce of silver, in terms of gold, at \$1.29.

When Mr. Morgenthau buys silver he pays for it by issuing silver certificates which go into circulation. The result is that on each ounce purchased the Secretary makes *and books* a profit of more than 50 per cent. The silver Senators consider this as a thinly disguised tax levied on the product of the people of their states. Is this an unnatural view, and are their efforts to relieve their people from what they believe to be unjust taxation, de-

serving of such strong terms as "fraud," "trickery," and "racketeering?"

As a matter of historical fact there has not been for seventy-five years a free, open market in silver bullion in the world. The London silver price has been a manipulated figure, secretly fixed by an aggregation whose only interest was the maintenance of low prices for Indian commodities. When silver rose above U. S. parity during the World War on Indian bidding, London smashed the price by dumping 200,000,000 ounces which they conveniently purchased from the U.S. Treasury at a price 30¢ below the market value.

I would like to have Mr. Corey's comments upon the ethics of a current London manipulation of the silver price reported by the AP in the following words:

A sharp break in the price of silver in London, and in the New York market for export silver, as the Indian government sold from its huge supplies in an attempt to forestall a hoarding movement.

E. C. WATSON

St. Petersburg,
Florida.

CREDIT UNIONS

SIR: I was interested in the article entitled "Licensed Loan Sharks", by Noah Rotwein, because I happen to be treasurer of a credit union. It occurred to me when I finished reading the article that when there are enough credit unions in our nation there will be no room for "K. O. Loan Corporations." I appreciate the revelations of this article. They are things which we, who have been active in credit union work, are aware of. Needless to say it gives us a sense of satisfaction to see a publication such as yours expose the enemies of our democracy and of 95 per cent of our people who are gnawing at the very heart of our economic structure. We believe the credit-union movement furnishes an effective solution to this evil.

I am recommending that your article be

read by those whom I come in contact with and who would profit from it.

HAROLD C. JOHNSON

Columbus,
Ohio.

CAMERA FANS

SIR: The author of "Camera Fans are Suckers" in your September issue makes some surprising generalities. Because Edward Steichen, as a stunt, took a creditable self-portrait with Daguerre's hundred-year-old wooden camera, Mr. Sameth implies that any modern camera is costly and complicated. But anyone with half an eye can see that such stunts have little purpose. Again he states that because other famous photographers have used simple box cameras, that's all anybody needs! A magazine editor requested some top-notchers recently to take a picture with a Brownie. They did, and the pictures were printed. After they had cashed their checks, these experts probably went back to their up-to-date cameras, even as you and I.

Mr. Sameth is alarmed at the costliness of photographic equipment. Here I check with him, in part, and in my book, *Photography as a Hobby*, I attempted to show ways that photography can be kept thrifty. But I don't know where he gets his figures: prices of \$375, \$450, and \$650 for miniature cameras. Possibly his own lenses were slightly out of focus when he read these price-tags. I own a satisfactory miniature which cost \$87.50, and an imported reflex camera worth today \$125. Many amateurs own cameras costing much less. As for his final statement, that Alfred Stieglitz spoons out a ready-mixed developer and develops films in his own bathroom, Mr. Sameth again generalizes too quickly. Everyone knows that today's films have plenty of tolerance to allow for errors in judging light conditions and for carelessness and haste in doing the darkroom work. But the photographers who take pains with their chemicals get the best results. If Mr. Sameth doubts this, let him send a test roll of films to any drug store and a similar roll of films to a labor-

atory that does fine-grain developing. There's a difference.

FRED B. BARTON

*Fairlawn,
Ohio.*

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

SIR: I have just read the article in your October issue by John R. Tunis on "What Price College Football?" It is a very illuminating and timely article. I trust that it will bring about considerable revolution in the college football situation. I want to thank you most heartily for this article.

R. B. MONTGOMERY

President — Lynchburg College

*Lynchburg,
Virginia.*

SIR: I think Mr. Tunis' article excellent in every respect. It is the most thorough coverage of the subject I have yet to read.

I personally am not against subsidizing but I think it should be done in a frank, straightforward manner such as several of the Conferences now do. Strenuous means have been used against professional football by the Big Ten and the Pacific Coast Conference, which pressure on the press has, perhaps, aided us professional teams in growing. However, I think their attitude foolish as we have at the same time kept ourselves clean of their activities in every respect.

GEORGE P. MARSHALL

President — the Redskins

Washington, D. C.

MILK TURTLES

SIR: Alan Devoe's "Myths About Snakes" in your October issue does a lot of much-needed disillusioning. But here is an item that came over the AP wires from Lancaster, Pa., that tops his stories of milk snakes:

John Snyder, dairy farmer, killed two land turtles because, he declared today, they were milking his cows.

CLYDE STARR

Pittsburgh

BUSINESSMAN'S PARTY

SIR: Your article, "Beware the Third Termites," is a humdinger for logical reasoning. As I keep informed on the financial, economic and political games that are being played, with the people as pawns, I am wondering if you don't think that to start a new party by businessmen, to be run by businessmen, instead of politicians, wouldn't be cheaper and better than to keep up this appalling extravagance of the two present parties, with their patronage system? And you know that money is the source of all our troubles.

So wouldn't it be better to have a new party, with a new Congress that would assume its obligations by issuing its own money and credit direct to the people in the form of legitimate expenses, up to the point of an adequate volume of money for the exchange of goods and services, rather than this present monetary system, which is now built on a false, imaginary foundation? This could be done without any repudiation — not even the bankers need lose their money. But they should not be allowed to create money wholesale to skin the people by exorbitant interest, which should be accounted treason. We should have no money backed and brought into being by debt. Unless the government creates the money, the evils we suffer will yet be our doom; for usury is confiscating property through credit and the centralization of irresponsible control of our very lives. The businessmen need profit, not interest, and the government is trying to destroy profit and create more interest for everyone.

MARGUERITE CUMMINGS

*San Diego,
California.*

ON A CHANGING FRONT

SIR: The so-called liberal weeklies recently published a ten-point eulogy of the Soviet Union, signed by over 400 Americans. Its timing was rather unfortunate; it appeared just after the signature of Stalin's pact with Hitler had made a sorry joke of its first

point: "The Soviet Union continues as always to be a bulwark against war and aggression, and works unceasingly for a better international order."

I first read this communication, which might well have been lifted from *Pravda* or from the press service of the Communist International, on a day when millions of men in France and England were being mobilized for possible death in a war, the immediate signal for which was given by the ratification of the Soviet-German pact. This, in the light of the whole international situation, was surely the most cynical imaginable betrayal of the principles of anti-fascism and anti-aggression with which communists and their dupes have credited the Soviet Government. You will understand, therefore, a certain acerbity in my own letter.

That over 400 educated persons could sign such a communication is about the most discouraging fact about the state of American public information about the Soviet Union that could well be imagined. Ever since I left the Soviet Union I have been alternately amused and disgusted by the complete unrealism which has marked the attitude of a considerable part of the liberal and radical intelligentsia in America toward the Soviet Union. On no international question, I am sure, has there been such an obstinate refusal to face unpleasant facts. Repeated acts of outrageous cruelty and oppression in the Soviet Union were glossed over or apologized for by individuals who went into ecstasies of righteous indignation when similar acts were committed in fascist countries.

The whole communication signed by the 400 was an insult to the tens of thousands of Russian intellectuals who have been killed and tortured in Gay-Pay-Oo prisons, banished to forced labor in concentration camps, driven into exile and emigration. It is an insult to the millions of peasants who died in the famine of 1932-33, deliberately organized by the Soviet state to break their resistance to collective farming. It is an insult to the millions of men of many nationalities who may be maimed, gassed, and killed in a war

for which Stalin's responsibility is second only to Hitler's. Last, and least, it is an insult to the intelligence, or to the integrity of its authors.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Paris.

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SIR: The following letter, addressed to Thomas Mann, the distinguished German writer now in the U. S. A., touches a matter of interest to writers and readers alike. I trust you can find space for it.

JAMES T. FARRELL

New York City.

MR. FARRELL'S LETTER

DEAR DR. MANN: Earlier this year, you spoke at the American Writers Congress, which was organized by the Stalinist controlled League of American Writers. The Call to this Congress contained the following statement:

We will discuss the following subjects, and shape a policy in relation to them.

The defense of democracy in the United States; cooperation of this country with other nations and peoples opposed to Fascism — including the Soviet Union, which has been the most consistent defender of peace.

It is naturally assumable that you were aware of this Call when you accepted an engagement to speak at this Congress. And in your speech, which I heard over the radio, you did not in any manner disagree with this statement. In addition, the League of American Writers honored you by making you an honorary officer of its organization.

To date, I have seen no statement in the public press outlining the position which the League of American Writers has taken concerning the recent Soviet-German non-aggression pact, and concerning the events which happened in the world since that pact was signed. Up to August 21st, 1939 (at least) the entire political orientation of the League of American Writers has been a Sta-

linist one. Non-Stalinist writers of reputation have been excluded from its Congresses and its membership. Its political attitudes have been consistently in harmony with the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. Members of the League, both officially and non-officially, have attacked non-Stalinist writers of liberal, radical, and revolutionary persuasion as "agents of Fascism." The League, up to August of this year, has been the most politically active of all organizations of American intellectuals. Since then, it has been scarcely heard from.

Inasmuch as you are an honorary officer of the League, I am addressing this letter to you publicly to ask you whether or not you are in agreement with the policies which the League has pursued. I am likewise taking the liberty of asking you publicly whether or not you believe, as did the League of American Writers of which you are a member, that the Soviet Union remains "the most consistent defender of peace." I ask these questions because you have indicated in your book, *The Coming Victory of Democracy*, that your own political position was not in essential disagreement with that of the League of American Writers concerning Russia. Thus, you wrote: "But at least I can see that Russia does not imperil the essential upon which all else depends — namely peace."

Inasmuch as you are a man whose artistic reputation is impregnable, I am certain that American writers will regard your answers to my question with the greatest interest.

JAMES T. FARRELL

ISLAND EXILES

SIR: One of the most amusing parlor games — and subjects for after-dinner conversation — was introduced by your magazine when it asked readers to choose a select company with whom they would care to be stranded on a desert island for a long period. May I urge that the game be kept up, and that THE MERCURY readers take the trouble to draw up their list of ten perfect companions?

But if you do, for God's sake be honest with yourself and fellow-dreamers of island exiles. Don't choose a lot of bores merely to kid yourself and your relations that you really have superior tastes. Personally I suspect that the men and women who earmarked Prof. Einstein, Thomas Mann and other top-shelf intellectuals, don't really mean it — and would regret their choice soon enough. What, for instance, if Drs. Mann and Einstein don't know how to play pinochle? How will all their erudition make up for the loss? And those who tagged Maestro Paderewski will soon get tired of piano renditions: they can have more musical variety and satisfaction on their desert retreat with a good selection of gramophone records. . . .

Elevated cultural tastes are all right in their place: for once-in-awhile. But for *always* — face the truth that you will want less elevating and more companionable people, and that you will keep out the Walter Lippmanns and Dorothy Thompsons and other experts on everything unless they sign papers agreeing not to talk highbrow. In fact, the only honest answer I've ever heard to a question like this was given by Madeleine Carroll, the actress. Asked what man she would choose to be cast away with, Miss Carroll replied, "A good obstetrician."

To demonstrate my own low tastes, here's a tentative list. The ship is sinking, the island's in sight, there are ten extra places in my boat and I haven't much time to think it out in detail. So I pick good ones as they come to the ship-rail:

1. Sophie Tucker, because she's fat and jolly.
2. Harpo Marx, because he does card tricks.
3. Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan, Rosalind Russell, Hedy La Marr or some other good-looker; preferably one who doesn't pull Garbos on you.
4. A first-rate cook, of any sex, color or nation. (If it's a choice between a cook and a celebrity, I'll take the cook.)
- 5, 6, and 7. Three good (but not too good) bridge players.
8. Jimmie Walker, ex-mayor of New York,

who's more fun any day than his successor, the serious-minded LaGuardia.

9. Eugene Lyons, because he knows enough about world affairs to be interesting, but not enough to be boring.
10. Alan Devoe, because an amateur naturalist with a sense of humor will make exploration of our island more exciting.

Here is hoping other Open Forum fans will match this list with their own.

SAMUEL S. OPPER

➤ *New York City.*

THE LEGION

SIR: I have read "The American Legion Takes Orders," by Milton S. Mayer in your last issue. I have been a Legionnaire for fifteen or twenty years and we in the Legion have known that what Mr. Mayer says, that the Legion has been "influenced by those who financed it, or by their heirs or assigns," etc. is in a large measure true.

I think most Legion members of any intelligence approve and have approved that influence. That is the way it should be. If the organization were ruled by the mob it simply would have ceased to exist long ago; as it is the Legion is the most outstanding patriotic organization in the country today; and on the whole, while it must be admitted it has been guilty of some excesses, it has done and is doing the most good of any other organization in this country today, as a stabilizing factor. I notice Mr. Mayer devotes considerable space to observations and statements by General Smedley Butler, which, I think, the Legion as a whole would consider "Claptrap" pure and simple.

R. H. BROWNE

*Larned,
Kansas.*

IN BRIEF

Mrs. J. C. Treat of Kansas City, Missouri, writes us ecstatically in praise of San Francisco's natural and man-made beauties, and

every word of it is true. The economic realities chronicled by Mr. Hamilton, however, may be no less true. His article at least had the virtue of demonstrating that 'Frisco is a city beloved above most others — so many rallied to its defense. . . . Mr. Nock's doubts about the unmixed motives of British Royalty in visiting our fair land so incensed F. Graham Tollit of Los Angeles that he canceled his subscription. . . . Which reminds us to complain that our correspondence has been lamentably lacking in those juicy insults to which AMERICAN MERCURY editors are inured. Can it be that readers agree with us? Banish the thought! . . . The Moscow-Berlin get-together, naturally, has interested our readers. "Last November," one of them who heard us in Chicago writes, "you told the women's clubs here that Hitler and Stalin may be expected to patch things up at Poland's expense. It sounded extreme at the time. Did you realize yourself what a good prophet you were being?" Well, anyone who prophesies unpleasantness these days has a better than even chance to be right. . . . L. S. Cramer, from Boston, takes issue with Mrs. Belinda Jelliffe's comments on American attitudes toward sex, in last month's Open Forum. "It's this sort of modernism and excessive 'broadmindedness' on sex relations," he insists, "which is undermining society. We talk glib nonsense about Puritanism and prudery, but our grandparents lived in a cleaner, nobler world than we do, with all our 'emancipation.'" . . . L. R. of Reno, Nevada, thinks our poetry selections are pretty bad, only he — or is it she? — uses a much less polite word for it. Judith Prince, however, from Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Congratulations on your courage in picking poetry of all schools, and all consistently fine." The truth, we suppose, is somewhere between the two extremes. . . . To those whose contributions have been squeezed out of the Open Forum by space limitations, our regrets. Even if these letters are not printed, every one is carefully read and leaves its mark on the sensitive consciences of the editors.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

HARRY ELMER BARNES (*When Last We Were Neutral*), author and educator, has devoted many years to the study of the origins of the World War; among his latest books is the *Intellectual and Cultural History of the Western World*. ULRIC BELL (*Senator Reynolds Saves America*), a native of Kentucky, has been Washington correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* since 1910. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES ("*The Publick Universal Friend*") is at work on a book on American religious history; he edited *The Bible, Arranged to Be Read As Living History*. ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN (*Ungathered Grapes*), professor, poet, and novelist, won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1936. DICK DORRANCE (*You Can't Sing That!*) is on the press and special-features staff of station WOR. T. F. HEALY (*The Tinker*) lives in New York City. STANLEY HIGH (*Labor in the World of Tomorrow*), author of *Roosevelt — And Then* and other books, is a well-known journalist and lecturer. STEWART H. HOLBROOK (*Our Tradition of Violence*), who has been represented in *THE MERCURY* often, has written extensively on aspects of American history; his latest book is *Iron Brew*. JOSEPH LANGLAND (*Viking Pioneer*) is an undergraduate at the State University of Iowa. BRYCE OLIVER (*Japan Takes Over the Philippines*), formerly assistant foreign news editor of the United Press, is now a radio news commentator. ZELDA POPKIN (*Madame Jumel: Vice-Queen*), whose business is department-store publicity, has contributed articles to many national magazines. HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL (*The Unleashed*) lives in Denver. JO RANSON (*You Can't Sing That!*) is radio editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. BURTON RASCOE (*All in the Name of Anthropology*) is one of the outstanding literary critics in America; he is the author of *Titans of Literature* and other books. HARVEY W. SCHWANDNER (*Wisconsin's Problem Governor*) has been on the staff of the *Milwaukee Journal* for nine years. FRITZ STERNBERG (*Germany and a Prolonged War*) is the author of the forthcoming *Why Hitler Can't Win: From Nazi Sources* (Alliance Book Corp.). JAN VALTIN (*Communist Agent*) was for many years a foreign agent of the Third or Communist International; he broke with Stalinism recently. EDWARD JEROME VOGELER (*The Passing of the Pool Shark*) after a career as reporter and advertising man recently turned to freelance magazine writing. OWEN P. WHITE (*The Farmer and the New Deal*) associate editor of *Collier's* for twelve years, is the author of seven books on American political and economic life.



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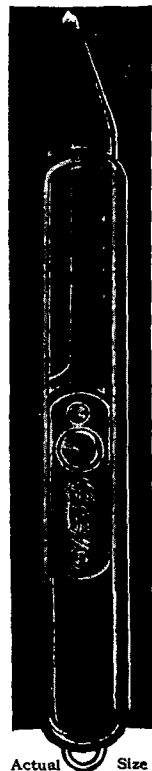
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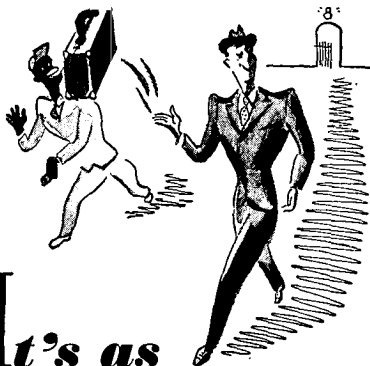
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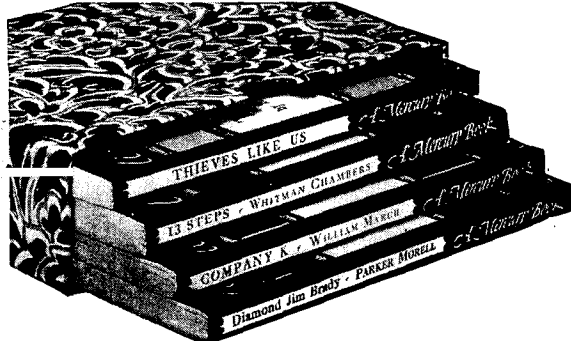
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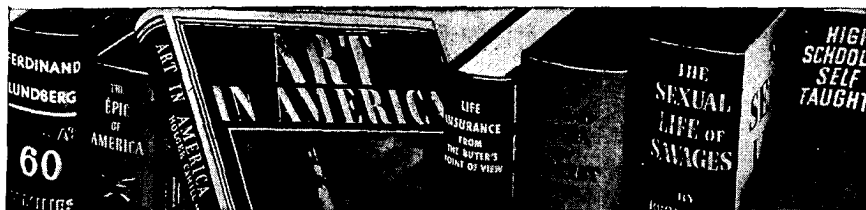
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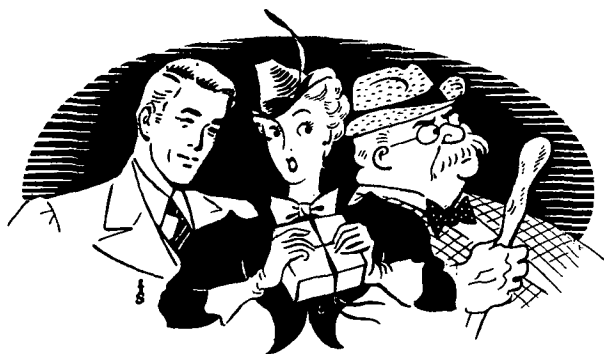
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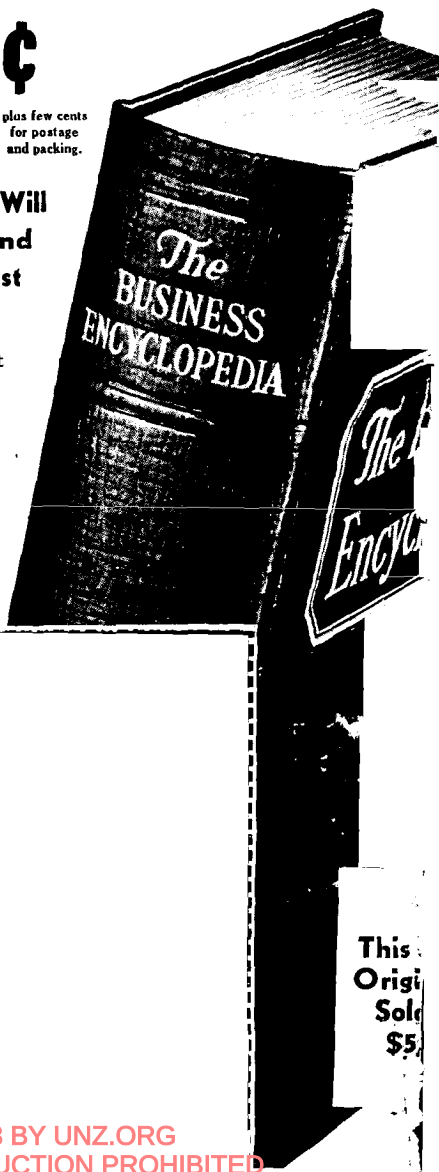
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